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The Mercury.

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Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments, reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

APPROPRIATION CUT

The Naval committee of the National House of Representatives has cut the sum asked for the Naval Training Station at Newport from \$500,000 to \$185,000, which is virtually scrapping the Station. The Training Station at Hampton Roads gets the full amount asked for, \$375,000. The Great Lakes Station gets \$400,000 and the San Francisco Station gets the same as last year. From the amount lavished on the Great Lakes Station, it looks as though Congress was more anxious to train fresh water sailors than navigators of the briny deep. Of all the four training stations it would seem that the one near Chicago was the most useless as well as the most expensive. None of them possess the importance of the one on Coasters Harbor. These other stations, however, have the "political pull" which this region seems to lack. Much fault was found in the committee about what they termed the five million dollars expenditure at Coddington Point after the war closed. No such amount was spent there after the close of the war, but if there was, who is to blame for that? Not the Training Station nor the men connected therewith. The responsibility for this expenditure rests solely with the present administration at Washington. But now that the Government has this expensive plant, it would seem to be the part of economy to maintain it, keep it in good repair and use it for the temporary home of the future naval men of Uncle Sam.

GUILTY OF MURDER

The jury in the case of State vs. Allen W. Littlefield of New Shoreham, indicted for murder in causing the death of Leon A. Tabbutt last October, reported a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. This verdict was returned on Saturday after the jury had had the case under consideration for about two hours. The defendant had apparently been hopeful of acquittal, but did not collapse when the verdict was announced.

Mr. William R. Champlin, counsel for the defendant, is allowed several days in which to enter an appeal, and sentence will probably not be imposed within that period. Under the law, it is within the discretion of the Court to impose a sentence between ten years and life imprisonment.

Captain Earl C. Clarke of Point Judith made a gruesome catch in his fishing net between Block Island and Point Judith on Wednesday. When he pulled in his net he found a human foot in a white tennis shoe. He brought the foot to Newport and it was placed in the morgue at the Police Station. It was evidently a portion of a badly decomposed body of a man, and may even have belonged to one of the victims of the steamer collision off Fort Adams some months ago.

DeBlois Council, No. 5, Royal and Select Masters, will entertain the members of Aquidneck Chapter, No. 7, Order of the Eastern Star, at the close of its regular session next Tuesday evening. The band of Kolah Grotto will furnish music and there will be an entertainment programme with refreshments.

A Chinese laundryman named Lee Kee has been sentenced to three months in jail on a technical charge of assault preferred by a young girl whom he tried to force to enter his laundry.

FORMER SAILOR KILLED

There was a shooting affair in Providence on Monday, one end of which reached down to Newport, the victim having lived in this city for some time. There seems little doubt but that he was trying to "hold up" the man that killed him, but lost his life in the attempt.

Orrie A. Lane, collector for the A. & P. chain stores, was confronted by a man with a revolver in the hallway of the building where he lived in Providence. He struggled with the intruder, wrested the revolver from him and shot him dead. The police were notified and at once started an investigation to discover the identity of the dead man. Articles of clothing led them to think that he might have been in the navy and the investigation led to the Training Station here without result.

Finally H. A. Belcher of this city, employed on ferry boat Inca, and rooming on Broadway, notified Chief Tobin that he thought the dead man might have been his room mate, Harold A. Smith. Smith was formerly in the navy and was connected with the fire department at the Naval Training Station. Belcher said that he had been away for several days, and that a pair of shoes belonging to Belcher and marked "H. A. B." were also missing. As shoes similarly marked had been found on the dead man, the lead was very encouraging. The submission of pictures to the Providence police completed the identification and the dead man's father was finally located in Vermont.

Smith was discharged from the Navy in the summer of 1919, and was afterward employed in Newport for a time as the manager of the A. & P. store on Chestnut street. He afterward went to Providence and secured employment in the warehouse of the same company, thus becoming familiar with the habit of the company collector and knowing that he carried considerable money. Chief Tobin opened a trunk belonging to Smith and found tools of various kinds as well as revolver cartridges.

Lane was held in \$1000 bail by the Providence police pending an investigation of the shooting, but will probably be cleared of all charges when the case is fully developed. He secured bail without difficulty and was congratulated by his neighbors upon his nerve.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE APPOINTMENTS

Chairman Thomas B. Congdon of the Public School Committee has announced the appointment of the following standing committees:

Finance and Supplies—Cozzens, Harvey, Congdon.
Teachers—Harvey, Clarke, Carr.
Text-books and Curriculum—Baker, Conron, Grinnell.
Buildings, Janitors and Fuel—Bacheller, Sullivan, Baker.
Supervision—First term, Bacheller, Sullivan, Covell; second term, Cozzens, Harvey, Grinnell; third term, Carr, Baker, Gifford; fourth term, Clarke, Congdon, Conron.
Military Drill—Sullivan, Gifford, Grinnell.
Evening Schools—Covell, Bacheller, Cozzens.
Athletics—Clarke, Carr, Gifford.
Secondary Schools—Covell, Congdon, Conron.

Realty Hall was packed to the limit on Tuesday evening, when a public meeting was held under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus on the subject of Socialism. Mr. Peter W. Collins was the principal speaker, talking for his topic "The Red Sappers of Freedom." He handled the Socialist cause without gloves and after his address replied to a volley of questions propelled by the Socialist sympathizers in the hall. He was primed for all comers and gave back a response for every question. The meeting was a very valuable one.

A year ago last Thursday was the big blizzard that buried the town in snow and stopped all trolley lines, cut off all communication with the outside world by trolley, gave us snowdrifts many feet high and tied up business generally.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Evelyn Rives Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walker Breese Smith, and Mr. Roderic Wellman of New York. The wedding will probably take place in this city in the spring.

Mrs. Ella P. Morrell has bought the Henry J. Jones property on Mill street at public auction, the highest bid being \$6900.

Building is very quiet in Newport this winter. Very little out-of-door work is going on.

The vacant lot on Mill street east of the old engine house is to be the site of a new public garage.

ART ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

The Art Association of Newport has arranged a very interesting series of entertainments for the Saturdays in February. Today at 4 p. m., Captain Dismukes, Commandant of the Training Station, will give his experience as Captain of a transport in the Great War. February 12, Lincoln's Birthday, Rev. J. Howard Deming will give an address on "The America of Abraham Lincoln." February 19th will be an afternoon of music, arranged by Mrs. William Woodward Phelps, and on February 26th, the Rev. Abbe Ernest Dimmet, Professor at College Stanislas, Paris, will talk on the future relations of France with the United States of America.

A special meeting of the Association will be held today at 3.30 p. m., to authorize the sale of the "Bird's Nest," so called, the property given the Association by the late Samuel F. Pratt, at 49 Bellevue avenue. The proposed purchaser of this property is Mr. Harry Taylor of Providence, formerly of Newport, who proposes to make it his summer residence.

JITNEYS ARE MISSING

Under the recently enacted city ordinance, there were supposed to be no jitneys on the street after the thirty-first of January, but in spite of the new regulations, a few of the owners ventured out to try to see what could be done. A few jitneys ran during the afternoon and evening, but after a conference between Mayor Mahoney, City Solicitor Sullivan and Chief Tobin, orders were issued to arrest the operators and keep on arresting them as long as they persisted in using the streets. There was no more trouble after that.

The jitney men have prepared a petition to the board of aldermen, asking for a meeting of the representative council to reconsider the action in passing the jitney ordinance. It was apparently the intention of the jitney men to keep on operating pending the consideration of this petition, but the Mayor shut down on them.

MALBONE LODGE INSTALLATION

The recently elected officers of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, New England Order of Protection, were installed on Thursday evening by Grand Warden Frank Littlefield of Providence. The installation was originally planned for the previous meeting, but at that time the grand officers were unable to come to Newport because of the obstruction to the draw bridge at Fall River.

The new officers of the lodge are as follows:

Warden—J. Francis Dring.
Vice Warden—Ezra R. Pearson.
Secretary—Etta L. Campbell.
Financial Secretary—Charles S. Goddard.
Treasurer—Elizabeth Goddard.
Chaplain—Emily L. James.
Guide—H. F. Maxwell.
Guardian—George Macomber.
Sentinel—E. M. King.
Trustees 3 Years—George B. Hanover, D. E. Campbell; 2 years, H. F. Maxwell, Jr.

UNITY CLUB

Mr. Henry R. Taber was in charge of the dramatic reading before the Unity Club on Tuesday evening, when a very capable company produced Pinero's amusing comedy, "The Amazon." The hall was completely filled and the audience was very responsive to the delicious bits and applauded heartily.

Miss Aida Bezanson made her first appearance before the Club, and gave evidence of much ability in theatrical work. Mr. Arthur H. Peckham was another new member of the cast and gave general satisfaction. The other members of the company had already earned their reputations and lived up to their work in the past.

Mr. Israel Ginsberg, who runs a market in the outer Broadway district, has been separated from his family in Russia for several years, and all attempts to locate them have proved futile until a few days ago when he received a cablegram from his wife that she had arrived in Warsaw and was preparing to start for America.

The rebuilt Rogers High School has been inspected by representatives of the fire department, preparatory to its re-occupancy by the School Department.

Mrs. William Carry sailed on Wednesday for Bermuda. Mr. Carry expects to go down next month to return with her.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Knowe, of the Newport Artillery Company, is organizing a drill corps for Kolah Grotto.

FIRE DEPARTMENT INVESTIGATION

The open sessions of the board of aldermen in the Fire Department investigation have now been completed, and the board will hold some executive sessions to consider the matter and may also take further testimony behind closed doors in regard to some details. The final open meeting was held on Monday evening, when there was talk of the assault case in the Two's house some years ago, the statement being made that the Captain was struck with an axe. Further testimony regarding this matter was halted by the Mayor, who said that the board would go further into it in executive session. There was a large attendance at the meeting, and many questions were hurled at Chief Kirwin, Deputy Chief Lawton and Clerk Thomas W. Wood, who were the three witnesses of the evening.

Chief Kirwin was on the stand for a comparatively short time Monday evening, being questioned about the assault incident, but this line of inquiry did not proceed very far before it was stopped by the Mayor. He said in reply to a question that the present location of the fire alarm system is very hazardous.

Deputy Chief Lawton was questioned at considerable length about drills, and said that more could be held to advantage. He has not kept a record of the men present at drills. He has investigated many fire hazards throughout the city and has had some cases cleaned up promptly. He believed that more permanent men would be an addition to the department, but thought the department worked well, made up as it is. Some of the call men are more efficient than others.

Clerk Thomas W. Wood was present with his records and they were looked into at some extent. The chart of the fire alarm system was explained, Mr. Wood saying that it had been given to him after the reorganization and some necessary changes had been made in it. It had never been turned over to the Chief.

KOLAH GROTTTO

The annual meeting of Kolah Grotto, Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm, was held in Masonic Temple on Friday evening. In the absence of Dr. Dwight E. Cone, Supreme Monarch of the Order in the United States, Monarch Donald E. Spears presided over the election and installed the officers. The Grotto Band rendered a number of selections during the evening and were enthusiastically applauded. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

The new officers of the Grotto are as follows:
Monarch—William H. Bevans.
Chief Justice—William A. Perkins.
Master of Ceremonies—Roland L. Barratt.
Treasurer—George R. de Young.
Secretary—T. Frederick Harry.
Bandmaster—David M. Ballou.
Sentinel—James G. Swinburne.
Trustee—Alexander J. MacIver.

THE GROUND HOG COULD SEE HIS SHADOW

Candlemas Day has come and passed. While not an entirely clear day, the ground hog could easily have seen his shadow if he had ventured forth from his lair. The popular superstition that a clear day denotes more severe winter is so ancient that its origin is lost in oblivion. Where it originated, no one knows. The old Scotch ditty expresses the general fact to this day: "If Candlemas Day is fair and clear—There'll be two winters in the year." As long as there has yet been no winter worth mentioning it will be difficult to get "two" winters this year, whatever the next two months may give us.

A local man has been trying to settle an argument as to Newport's lowest temperatures. One man contends that records show temperatures below 14 degrees below zero, which the other denies. As there is no official record keeper in Newport, the argument may be hard to settle. But it is a safe assertion that 14 below is not an ordinary temperature in this city.

Arthur Wooster, residing with his brother on Malbone Road, attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a razor early Tuesday morning. He was hurried to the Newport Hospital, where the flow of blood was stopped and prompt treatment was effectual in saving his life. He is expected to recover. He had been noticeably despondent for several days.

Mr. George H. Kelley is again able to be at his desk at the Court House after an illness of several weeks.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The monthly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, when monthly bills were approved and ordered paid from the several appropriations.

The weekly meeting on Thursday evening was a busy one, devoted mainly to considering bids for various supplies. Some contracts were awarded and some were held for further investigation. Two applications for hackney licenses were granted to men who had formerly held jitney licenses, but the men were questioned sharply as to their intentions and denied that they proposed to engage in the jitney business. There was also a long petition asking that the amount of bonds required for jitneys be reduced one-half, and asking that the matter be laid before a special meeting of the representative council. Inasmuch as a council meeting will probably be necessary within the next few weeks to act on the issuing of bonds for the Rogers High School it was decided to refer the petition to the aldermanic committee on transportation pending the calling of the council.

Bids were opened for Dustoline or its equal for the highway department and the contract was awarded to the Dustoline for Roads Company, although there were two lower bids. Bids for 75000 gallons of asphalt were received from a number of dealers, and it was voted to lay the matter over for a week before awarding the contract.

The matter of new automobiles caused some confusion for the board, and all bids were laid over for a week. There are three cars to be purchased—an ambulance for the Board of Health, a car for the Deputy Chief of the Fire Department, and a delivery wagon for the Fire Department.

ALBERT J. KESSELL

Members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in Newport were greatly shocked Friday morning to learn of the sudden death of Past Grand Albert J. Kessell, for many years janitor of the Odd Fellows building on Washington Square, and one of the best known members of the Order in this vicinity. As Mr. Kessell had been apparently in the best of health but a few hours before his death, the shock to his friends was all the greater.

Mr. Kessell was suddenly stricken with apoplexy and was found unconscious on the street near the corner of Pelham and Corne streets. Dr. Murphy, who lives near by, was summoned and ordered him removed to the Newport Hospital, where death ensued in a very short time, the patient never recovering consciousness.

Mr. Kessell had long been a member of Rhode Island Lodge, No. 12, I. O. O. F., and had served as Noble Grand. Some years ago he was elected janitor of the Odd Fellows building and had devoted his entire time to the work, taking a great interest in keeping up the building. He was long an active worker in the Order, serving on a number of important committees of Rhode Island Lodge. He was also a member of Weanast Shasitt Tribe of Red Men.

Mr. Kessell was unmarried, and is survived by a brother, Mr. William T. Kessell, who is employed as a teamster for the Standard Oil Company, and by one sister.

SUPERIOR COURT

The December session of the Superior Court has continued to drag along this week, and when it will finally adjourn cannot be told. It had been expected that there would be many cases to be tried during the week, but many of them were marked settled when they were called for trial. Consequently the first of the week saw comparatively little business for the Court, but on Wednesday a long trial was started which has occupied all the time since then. This was the New Haven Trap Rock Company vs. Faillace Brothers, an action regarding the delivery of stone for the Gould Island development for the Government. The plaintiff claimed that because of insufficient docking facilities provided by the defendant, the time required for unloading a barge was thirty days instead of four. Messrs. Corcoran and Peckham represented the plaintiff and Judge Sullivan the defendant. A large mass of testimony was presented, much of it technical, regarding the depth of water at the dock, the style of barge used, and other particulars. Both sides were interested in the question of tides and used the Mercury Almanac for 1919 as a basis of measurements.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims is in Washington on official business.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent.)
Marriage of Miss Bessie Gray and Mr. Grover Douglas

A pretty, but quiet, home wedding took place last Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Gray on East Main Road, when their younger daughter, Miss Bessie E. Gray, was united in marriage with Mr. Grover Douglas of Tiverton. The marriage took place at five o'clock. Rev. Geo. W. Manning of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a travelling suit of blue broadcloth and carried a bouquet of silver fern. Her hat was of silver cloth. She was attended by her sister, Miss Louisa Gray, who wore a green suit and carried a bouquet of freesias and fern. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Walter Gray, brother of the bride. A salad supper was served. Only the immediate families were present at the ceremony. The happy couple left on the New York boat for New York and Niagara Falls, where the honeymoon will be spent. A party of friends were waiting for them when they went on board the boat, and they were plentifully showered with confetti. Upon their return they will reside in Tiverton, where the groom is engaged in farming.

The annual meeting of the Helping Hand was held with the Rev. Mrs. Kathryn Cooper at the Methodist Episcopal Parsonage. The meeting, which was well attended, was opened with Scripture reading by Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley and prayer by Mrs. Charles B. Ashley. The afternoon was spent in sewing and supper was served. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

Honorary President—Mrs. Susie L. Wyatt.
Acting President—Mrs. Albert E. Sherman.

First Vice President—Mrs. Charles B. Ashley.

Second Vice President—Mrs. William F. Brayton.

Third Vice President—Mrs. Amanda F. Cross.

Secretary—Mrs. Gordon McDonald. Assistants to Secretary—Mrs. Eugene Hoyer, Mrs. Harrison Manchester, Mrs. Vincent Coggeshall.

Entertainment Committee—Miss Edna M. Brophy, Miss Martha A. Ashley, Miss Alice N. Brayton, Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley.

Apron Committee—Mrs. Amanda F. Cross, Mrs. William F. Brayton, Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, Mrs. Gordon McDonald, Mrs. Charles B. Ashley. Fancy Work Committee—Mrs. Albert E. Sherman, Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley, Miss Ella D. Chase, Mrs. Robert Doane, Mrs. Gordon McDonald.

Flower Committee—Mrs. Amanda Cross, Miss Margaret A. Ashley, Miss Alice N. Brayton.

Decorating Committee—Miss Alice N. Brayton, Miss Edna M. Brophy, Mrs. Eugene Hoyer, Miss Martha Ashley, Mrs. Andrew J. Durfee.

Visiting Committee—Mrs. Everett Cornell, Mrs. Robert Doane, Mrs. Amanda F. Cross.

A letter from the retiring President, Mrs. Susie L. Wyatt, was read, and also the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer. The Society has held twenty meetings the past year, and the receipts were \$385; \$365 was expended, leaving a balance of \$20, and \$3600.00 in the bank. One new member was admitted.

The power station of the Newport County Electric Station in this town has been shut down, as, owing to the light travel and infrequent running of cars, it is found unnecessary to use power from this station.

The following books were loaned from the Portsmouth Free Public Library during the month of January: Science and Art 14, Geography and Travel 9, Biography 6, History 8, Literature and Language 11, Poetry and Drama 12, Miscellaneous 10, Fiction 410, Total 480.

Mr. Charles S. Plummer, who has been ill at the Newport Hospital, has returned to his home, "The Pines."

The regular meeting of Sarah Rebekah Lodge, No. 4, will be held on February 9th. After the meeting a Valentine social and whist will be held.

Miss Muriel C. Pierce, who has been ill with scarlet fever and measles, is now improving.

The Epworth League met on Tuesday evening at the Parsonage of the Methodist Episcopal Church with the pastor, Rev. Mrs. Kathryn M. Cooper. The meeting was opened with Scripture reading and prayer, and the evening was spent with games. Cake and cocoa were served.

Mrs. Mary E. Tallman entertained Tuesday in honor of her birthday, Mrs. Fannie T. Anthony, Mrs. William F. Brayton, Mrs. William B. Clarke and Mrs. Clarence E. Brown. These ladies have celebrated their birthdays together for a number of years.

It is reported that the old copper works and coal mines in this town are to be sold. Boston parties are said to have completed negotiations for the purchase of the copper works from the heirs of Benjamin Hall and from Henry F. Anthony, and are negotiating for the coal mine property. The purpose for which this land is to be used has not been divulged. It is about 60 years since copper ore has been brought here to be melted, and the coal mine plant has been dismantled and has deteriorated. About a year ago it was talked that a shore resort might be developed at this point.

The fourth in a series of whists of the Colonel William Barton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held on Friday afternoon at the home of Miss Orianna Anthony on West Main Road.

TAXI

An Adventure Romance

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

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PART IV.

The Accent to Mara.

When Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, chauffeur, vice Patrick O'Reilly, ex-driver of the Village Cab company's No. 1893, skidded that vehicle disastroously to the curb in front of the Poppy club and, as a result of his criminal negligence, in conjunction with Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton's reprehensible pecking occupation, hurled that young lady to the middle of the sidewalk on her hands and knees, he leaped from his seat on a spontaneous impulse to help her to her feet and administer every kind of first comfort that the occasion seemed to demand.

Two considerations, however, shot from the double-barreled blunderbuss of ridicule and honor, caught him on the wing, as it were, and deflected his flight from west to east with a sharp turn due south at the corner of Fifty-seventh street and Sixth avenue. In the first place, out of the corner of his eye he had seen his one-time friends, Mr. Norton, Mr. Verries and Mr. Berry descending the shallow curb, front steps in an avalanche; in the second place, he suddenly recollected that Miss Thornton was an heiress, high above his present station and intent, as he had gathered from between the lines in various advertisements in the local press referring to the location of his person, on thinking and otherwise recompensing him for turning to the right in a matter of ten thousand dollars a year, unearned increment.

As he gazed for one too brief second down into the pleading eyes and adorably eager face of this lovely vision on her hands and knees, which it seemed unbelievable he had once held in his arms, only the oft-repeated favorite poem of his nurse:

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more,

kept him from facing the avalanche of ridicule and giving the eternally searching Diogenes with his lantern a run for his money. As previously stated, it was not to be, Mr. Randolph turned from the walling arms of the investest temptation ever resisted by man and made his swift way to the sanctum of Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy, foreman-manager of the Village Cab company.

"Tourke," said Mr. Randolph, "I'm through. Smashed up the two off



"Tourke," said Mr. Randolph, "I'm through."

wheels of my wagon on the curb in front of the Poppy club. Dock me thirty, please, and make out my pay check."

"Through, Slim? Whadda ya mean?" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Think I'm going to sack you for a skid on a day like this? Pay for your fun, kid, but take another wagon."

Robert Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, shook his head.

"You don't understand," he said. "I-I've lost my nerve."

"Lost your nerve?" gasped Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Whadda ya mean by tellin' me a lie like that? Come on, now; draw a map! Did ya kill the inside?"

"Oh, no," said Slim; "that's just it. I mean, the young lady is very much all right."

"I begin to get you," murmured Tourke. "Skirt on your track, eh? A look of pity followed by one of loyalty crept into his eyes. 'Look here, Slim,' he continued. 'I know that tryin' to trick a female is like playin' hockey with a stick of dynamite, but we got a lot of high cards to draw to. First shot out of the box, all the boys here is for you. Then there's your friend's, the Force. I want to tell you, Slim, you're the first driver I ever had that could flatten out a cop on a busy day an' make him think it was a joke.'

"Thanks," said Mr. Randolph, but shook his head sadly.

"Now, listen," resumed Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "I'm goin' to have

the boys up here as they come in an' put 'em on. In the internet, you slip out for a makeup. Get Sally Palmer round the corner to tone your face down to the color of your freckles, do a little job on yer eyebrows, an' it's a deep scar in the upper lip of yer speakin' tube. Get me?"

Mr. Randolph's widely placed blue eyes narrowed in an effort to examine the proposition shrewdly from all angles, and the light of hope was just beginning to dawn across the trouble in his honest face when there came a sharp knock on the door, followed promptly by the rattle of the loose knob and the unceremonious entry of one birdlike, bald-headed, dapper corporation lawyer and two corpulent gun-shoe plain-clothes men.

"Yerol! Wat the—?" exclaimed the outraged Mr. O'Shaughnessy.

The legal light paid him no heed and advanced on the fast-willing Slim Hervey with outstretched hand.

"Robert!" he cried beamingly. "My dear boy, I'm glad to see you!"

"Don't take the glad hand, Slim," warned Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "The little runt may be tryin' to serve papers on yer. Now, gentls, show yer warrant or I'll call the boys an' you take the consequences."

"I guess it's all right, Tourke," said Slim weakly. "They aren't going to pull me, exactly."

"I don't care whether they think they're goin' to pinch you or not," remarked Mr. O'Shaughnessy, fixing malignant eyes on the two heavy flanking forces of the small lawyer. "I never did like the smell of fat." Suddenly he roared: "Hey! Boys!"

The two bulls, strayed into inhospitable pastures, turned, stepped outfooted to the door, and took the flight of steps in three. They cannot be blamed, for they had recognized in Mr. O'Shaughnessy the man who had once been arrested for pushing over with one hand a Ford that had crowded him.

"Now, Robert," said the legal personage, apparently quite oblivious of the desertion of his supporters, "I just want to talk with you. May I sit down?"

"Certainly, Mr. Millyuns," said Robert, apathetically.

"Excuse me," murmured Mr. O'Shaughnessy. "Did I, or didn't I get the name correct?"

"I beg your pardon, Tourke," said Robert. "Mr. Dorden Millyuns; Mr. Tourke O'Shaughnessy." He pronounced it "O'Shaughnessy," to the delight of the owner's ears, long unaccustomed to the correct intonation of the exotic patronymic.

"I did hear correct," said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, as he rose and tipped from the room. "I leave you gentls to your family affairs," he added from the door, his eyes drinking a last view of the brain king he had dared to call a runt.

During the next half-hour, Mr. Millyuns delivered himself of an assorted lot of special pleading that he could have sold on the market almost any day for fifty thousand dollars, but the sole judge and object of his efforts still sat swinging one putteed leg in midair, as though fanning aside the valuable streams of golden words, and continued puffing at one cigarette after another, each lighted from the butt of his predecessor.

"It's no use, Mr. Millyuns," said Robert, at last. "The truth is, and you know it, that a meeting between myself and Pam-Miss Thornton, at the present time and under the exceptional conditions, could only bring about complications beyond the capability of any one of us to handle. Her proposal that she divide her income with me is so absurd that I am amazed at your insuperable at your hardihood in even mentioning it."

Mr. Millyuns wiped his brow for the first time in many years.

"I don't mind you calling me 'impertinent,' Robert," he said meekly. "Call me anything you please. Only"—and his voice rose gradually to a surprising volume—"don't forget that I promised one of the dearest, most unspooled, lovable, and wholly adorable young persons that it's ever been my privilege to assure of the impossible that I would bring you to her, and, by the holy mackerel, I will! I have to hold you by one ear with my teeth."

Mr. Randolph took his latest cigarette from his mouth during this strictly illegal peroration, and allowed his lips to spread into a broad smile.

"Mr. Millyuns," he said, "I always did like you; now I've got a deeper feeling. They call it love. I admit to the human end of you that the only thing that keeps me from rushing straight away to call on the lady you have so accurately described is the fact that I haven't money and she has."

"But what about the job I offered you?" interjected Mr. Millyuns.

"I was coming to that," said Mr. Randolph. "I'm not keen on charity from you any more than from Miss Thornton, but—more than that—I wouldn't bury myself in your stuffy old skyscraper at any cash price known to man. In the first place, you belong to the most unoriginal of all professions, and, in the second, you make money too slowly."

"Make money too slowly!" gasped

Mr. Millyuns, forgetting Bobby and Pamela and their affairs for the first time in three weeks, and remembering, for a change, and with a twinge of his hardened conscience, the size of his last retainer. "Hah!"

But Mr. Randolph allowed him no time for indulgence in vocal mirth. "That's what I said," he continued, unmoved. "To meet Miss Thornton face to face and unashamed, I feel that I must have a capital of at least a hundred thousand."

He sank his head in thought for a moment. When he raised it again, the widely placed blue eyes were there. So was the satellite of faint freckles across his nose; so was the guarantee of hungrily across his open face. But superimposed over all was a new look of sudden resolution.

"You will please tell Miss Thornton," he resumed, "that I shall do myself the honor of calling on her one week from the day after tomorrow at four in the afternoon. There is a condition, however, and it is that I be left alone without any mental reservation by her and you and your agents during the intervening time."

"One hundred thousand in nine days," murmured Mr. Millyuns skeptically. His great brain hung poised in thought for some time, but finally he nodded his acceptance of Robert's terms of capitulation and promptly left the room.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy presently returned and found his favorite driver sunk in strenuous reverie.

"Well, Mr.—or—Robert, are you goin' back to the folks?"

Mr. Randolph raised his head and smiled.

"Call me 'Slim,' please, Tourke—'Slim Hervey,' for awhile yet. I've decided to accept your offer of another wagon for a week or two—that is, if you realize you'll be doing me just a plain, unornamented favor."

"Sure, kid!" said Mr. O'Shaughnessy, flushing, as does all his kind on the verge of gratitude. "That's all right."

"Thanks a lot!" said Mr. Randolph. "And do you mind if I take the Wall Street beat for a while? I need money."

"Why, Slim, what's got ye? Ye know that's the rottenest short-run stand in town. Now, of it's money you want—"

Mr. O'Shaughnessy reached slowly down into his capacious trousers pocket, his eyes, meanwhile, studying Mr. Randolph's physiognomy with a shrewd glint that had forestalled many a clever attempt at a touch in years gone by.

"Yes, money," said Mr. Randolph pensively; "a hundred thousand dollars' worth."

Tourke's face underwent a startling change, as though it had tumbled down a whole ladder of emotions until it landed with a jolt on a solid platform of infinite pity.

"Take any beat ye like, boy, while ye c'n hold the wheel," he said, at the same time jamming the brakes down on his too generous hand. "An' be sure your ol' fren' Tourke ain't goin' to forget to come to the hospital to see you"—he faltered almost with a sob—"often."

For five restless, heart-breaking days, Mr. Randolph and his cab were at the beck and call of every short-horn curb-broker that wanted his friends and customers to see him start away from the scene of others' labors in a taxi. The vast assurance that had graced him when he allowed Mr. Millyuns to infer that nine days was plenty in which to pick up a hundred thousand dollars and that had also tinged a remark made some weeks before to a Miss Madge Van Teller to the effect that the great thing nowadays was to avoid having too much money had been gradually worn to a ragged frazzle.

Mr. Randolph was on the point of trying to persuade himself that he was giving way to the too constant strain rather than to any defect in his philosophy of the easiness of wealth when an excited and halless elevator boy rushed up and said:

"Here, youse! Mr. Emboupoint Morgum's car has froze. Ring your ol' fire alarm."

Mr. Randolph almost knocked over a fare that was attempting to get aside.

"Engaged!" he growled, as he stooped to "turn her over."

Five minutes later, his cab was carrying, in the persons of Mr. Morgum, above mentioned, and another, the potential pivots of very tight-vested interests.



"Good Ideal Friday It Is."

terests to the tune of twelve billion dollars. It may be thought that it was Slim Hervey's intention to wait this precious pair to some bosky retreat, cover them with leaves, and hold them for ransom, but such was not the case. He desired nothing from these two pointsmen among a race of lucre giants beyond what might come to him

through his ever-open speaking slot.

This is all he heard:

"Lewissader is getting kind of fresh."

"That's what I been thinkin'."

"When?"

"What about Friday, when the Duncers-Bollweell report comes out?"

"Good idea! Friday it is."

No other word, but, as it happened, it was enough to start Mr. Randolph honking uptown the moment he had dropped his laconic fares at their next board meeting. No one had to tell him who Lewissader was; he had been to college with that financier's son, and if there was one thing above all others that said offspring was good at, it was blowing his father's horn. Lewissader was this and Lewissader was that, but principally and especially he was the central rock in the money melstrom known to the stock market as "Amul, I. S. & C.," which had only lately dared to swell its portentous belly in the company of the most developed and vicious saurians of the financial world.

All the way uptown, Mr. Randolph's face was concentrated in the nearest approach to a frown of which it was capable. He was not, however, weighing the substance of what he had heard this way and that, for the simple reason that the moment the one word, "Lewissader," had reached his ears, he had seen the great light and grasped his hunch beyond any thought of looking back. That part of it was settled; what worried him now was the amount of ways and means in his pocket. By thinking very hard, he added up his capital without bringing it forth to the light of day. The exact sum was sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents.

No sooner had he passed the tent in mental arithmetic than he drew up a little beyond the front door of the Rocket club. He started to leave his cab, paused, considered, and then deliberately lowered the flag. As he entered the lobby of the club, four scandalized fronts leaped to bar his way. They asked him a variety of biting questions: Did he think it was a night luncheon? Which chambermaid was he calling on? Was he looking for Mills hotel?

"Herbert!" roared Mr. Randolph.

The functionary named, head doorman for the Rocket club since first it started on its appropriately meteoric career, leaped from his dignified seat on the somnolent side lines and stared wide eyed at the scurvy apparition that had dared shout the open sesame to that inviolate portal.

"Mr. Randolph," he gasped at last, and the stunned fronts started to streak away.

"Hold on, there!" said Mr. Randolph, and divested himself of cap to one, overcoat to another, gloves to the third, and asked the fourth for a light: "Herbert," he continued, in modulated tones, "the cab outside is waiting for Mr. R. H. Randolph. It may be there for some time. Have an eye kept on it."

"Yes, Mr. Randolph. I'll see to it, Mr. Randolph. George, Mr. Randolph's letters."

"Never mind the letters," countermanded the off-named one, and proceeded to thread his way to a certain small room, strategically placed well within the depths of the office and far from the maddening tumult of the streets. The said apartment at the moment of his arrival contained five occupants seated round a circular table of convenient height and clothed in pale green, kindest of all shades to the eye of man. There were no mirrors on the walls.

Mr. Randolph's entry was greeted first with consternation and then with shouts.

"Bobby, you old scout!"

"Herv, by great balls of sweat."

"Randy, from where the devil?"

The speakers arose and pump handled Mr. Randolph's arm.

"Ye gods, man, where you been? Strayed in from a fancy dress?"

"Never mind the glad rags, fellows," said Mr. Randolph. "I was just feeling lonely for the sound of chips. Room for another?"

"The sweetest thing! You don't know these two chaps, do you? Mr. Seegar, passed on to us from Frisco, and Mr. Bowling-True, our latest new member. Gentlemen, this is Mr. Randolph of New Haven and New York, in disguise but still the best ever."

"Table stakes?" murmured Mr. Randolph, as he took his place, apparently at random, but at the left of the two comparative strangers.

"Of course! Same old ante. Same old game. You talk as though you'd been away for a month."

For a moment, but for a moment only, Mr. Randolph was dazed. Was it possible that the last three weeks hadn't been a year? He drew out his sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents nonchalantly, as though they were merely the loose change he had on his person, bought fifty in chips, and laid the small heap of what was left of his cash on the board. The strain on his nerves during the next half-hour put that of the five days' wait for a hunch on the Street to the blush. There came a moment when all his chips were gone, and he was forced to see with a full house for his small pile of change only.

"Serves you right, Randy," said Mr. Mein. "For forgetting to pile up the ready in a table-stake game; there are two and a half million walking the streets."

"Oh, stow it!" murmured Mr. Randolph, as he counted out his share, amounting to ninety-two dollars and fifty cents, and pushed across the rest of the fat pot to the next best hand. He looked up and smiled. "Boys," he remarked frankly, "I'm riding a hunch with four legs. Watch me."

Five spectators did, but got little excitement of their palms. Mr. Randolph was playing that most difficult and uninteresting of poker corollaries—a tight game. Mr. Seegar turned impatient as the conviction grew upon him that he had run up against the original hand-ditch he never drew to less than a pair of tens, never bluffed, and could surrender three kings without a shiver to a fool straight on the flop. He became more and more restless

in connection with the safety-first campaign which was then at its height.

Mr. Randolph nursed his pile through five long hours up to eighteen hundred dollars. Then it was that he, suddenly met a raise of two hundred on the part of Mr. Seegar, tacked on three hundred more, waited for that individual to throw in his very good hand, face up, with the resigned smile of a wise one, and then carelessly displayed in the same manner, his own three-flush, so bolted that the attention of the S. P. O. A. should have been called to the case.

The roar of laughter that went up from all but Mr. Seegar was more full and free than even such occasions usually produce. Mr. Mein pounded Mr. Randolph on the back.

"Jobby, old boy," he said, "that was the eternalist, patientest, and deepest-trap I've ever witnessed in a life-long pursuit of the only national pastime."

The light merely flickered in Mr. Randolph's blue eyes, and he returned to his old job of sawing wood. Not for nothing had he made that grandstand flourish, and his object had been gained. A new seriousness, masked in cold-edged, classic poker smiles, settled upon the table as a whole. The idea that they were gathered together, merely to while away an idle evening faded into the background, and, one by one, like stars coming out at evening time, supper trays began to make their appearance. All but Randolph, they had been toying with poker; now they began to play it.

That gentleman continued for the nonce the even tenor of his stride except for a Lenten concession to his insides. He ordered placed on a stand at his elbow a large jug of ice water and a platter containing four dozen sandwiches. No hidden touch could have done more toward persuading his friendly antagonists that he, Randolph, was out for thick blood. If any one of the five had joyed in the knowledge that two slices, thin, of buttered bread embracing a sliver of meat had been named eternally after the earl of Sandwich on just such an epochal occasion as this, he would probably have seen the high sign and beat it for home and bed.

Night was fast joining the discord when the weary Herbert dared to interrupt.

"Please, Mr. Randolph, the officer on the beat says the grass is lifting



"The Officer on the Beat Says the Grass Is Lifting Your Cab, Sir."

your cab, sir, and he thought he ought to report anything like that."

"Tell him to undo the check and let it feed itself down again," growled Mr. Randolph.

The day passed; night fell. Now one and then another of the six devotees of a science which even in the youth of this nation had forestalled all the wonders of the submarine, the flight of man, and wireless telegraphy withdrew just long enough to connect with the Daily Night bank round the corner or some other convenient base of supplies and returned to set new money to catch old. But Mr. Randolph had no occasion to do this. His heap of chips and cash of the realm rested on too solid a base of its own.

There may be recorded an amusing diversion from the serious business in hand. It was ushered in by the crest-fallen Herbert, who confessed that actual physical exhaustion had driven him to forty winks, during which time a professional purloiner of motor-car accessories had stopped, spellbound by the gigantic sum registered on Mr. Randolph's taximeter, had promptly stolen the preposterous clock, and was now on the club steps offering to settle with whoever was the interested gent on a fifty-fifty basis.

Great was the consternation of the enterprising speculator in theft when he was confronted by two persons in one; namely, Mr. R. H. Randolph, lessee of Car No. 1893, and Mr. R. H. Randolph, alias Slim Hervey, the late driver of said cab. His glib tongue, loaded to the gills with arguments as to how much the fare would save through the sudden exit of the clock from the ken of man, tripped hopelessly on this vision of wrath in the shape of a driver in whose interests the tickler had been faithfully slaving.

It took Mr. Randolph just thirty-two precious minutes to force the crest-fallen one to replace and readjust the bass hie of meter readings. When he returned to the fray upstairs, he noticed a strange phenomenon of poker-age, unmistakable age, had settled on the faces of the five youths. He put his fingers to his own countenance; he could feel the added years.

The game ended, as do all titanic battles, in absolute silence. Mr. Randolph sorted, stacked, tabulated his winnings, and stuffed them into all the pockets on his person. He then noted the hour—eleven o'clock of a bright Thursday morning—and, proceeding to

the nearest telephone booth, called up Mr. William Verries of Verries & Cat, stock brokers.

"That you, William! This is Job Randolph. William, I've got sixteen thousand dollars in my jeans at the moment of speaking. What's the lowest margin you'll give me to sell Amul, I. S. & C. short for delivery at tomorrow's closing?"

"Sell Amul, I. S. & C. short!" gasped Mr. Verries. "Why, you're crazy! Buy, and I'll talk to you."

"I don't want to buy," said Mr. Randolph patiently. "You're right, in a way, about my being crazy. You see, since you saw me the other day, I've come into some easy long stuff, and it's just ruffin' my experiment in the philosophy of a moneyless life. I want to lose my wad just like I told you, and if you don't promise to start selling for me the instant of the next five minutes, I'll let friendship slide and call up some real brokers."

"Well, if you put it in that way, you escaped loan. I'll assist your sup-headed philosophy for your exact cash limit. When will you pony up?"

"In twenty minutes by the clock," said Mr. Randolph cheerfully, and rang off.

The historic pounding drive on Amul, I. S. & C. that started with the opening of the market on the following day was of such epic proportions that the advance sale made by Messrs. Verries & Cat on behalf of Mr. R. H. Randolph during the Thursday afternoon next preceding was a mere drop in the bucket of oblivion to the public at large—a mere flea-bite lost in the shudding of epidemics to the monster saurians involved in the combat; but to Mr. Randolph, it was a matter of transcendent importance.

With a feeling of great relief over an order that he had placed with his tailor blue days previously for complete new afternoon and evening outfits, the successful lunchmaster collected one hundred and thirty-two thousand, thirty-eight and no hundredths dollars and proceeded to turn in his wagon to the Village Cab company, together with the highest clock reading ever known in the history of Manhattan. He then chartered one of the vehicles for hire of that concern and directed it to carry him to his new clothes.

At ten minutes to four, he emerged from his tailor's, garbed in the very latest thing in slim-line morning coats, a top hat, pearly-stained trousers, spats, a mottled, platinum-handled, snakewood stick, and a gardenia in his buttonhole. Ignoring the wise and friendly-seeming look on the face of the cab driver, who was none other than our old friend of suburban visage, Patrick O'Reilly by name, fallen on evil times, and re-recognized that very day on Mr. Randolph's recommendation, he gave a certain address in Fifty-ninth street.

Let us now break one of the cardinal rules of narrative for cash by ruthlessly switching the objective point of view. Behold Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton dressed in a ravishing, modestly modern ten-gown effect that would have cost her great-grandmother a ducking in the pond off Bleeker street if she had dared to wear it in her day at a fancy-dress ball, pacing up and down Mr. Randolph's recent sitting room and counting off nine on her fingers for the hundred and eighty-sixth time.

And then, at last, the bell! Tomlinson, his jaw set grimly, advanced upon the door. For an agonizing



"We-won't You Sit Down?"

small moment, Pamela held her breath, and then let it go with a rush as she heard the old valet's sonorous voice tinged, nay, reeking, with the joy of welcome.

"Glad to see you back, Master Robert. Miss Thornton will receive you in the sitting room." Followed jangling sounds as Tomlinson disconnected the doorbell.

He was right in surmising that his former employer did not require a guide, but, as it turned out, there was no reason why he should not have witnessed the very proper meeting which took place between the two outwardly cool young members of society who were inwardly, nevertheless, seething with more emotions than there are fumes in a line-kith.

"Miss Thornton!" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, as, from force of long habit, he laid hat, stick and gloves on a side table and then advanced with a tentatively outstretched hand. "Oh, how do you do?" asked Pamela, rising and offering her hand. "We-won't you sit down?"

"Thank you; I will."

He took the other end of the couch, crossed his legs in an effort to appear thoroughly at home, and gazed almost furtively at the apparition before him. Ye gods and heaps of dollars! What

The Mercury

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Saturday, February 5, 1921

The farmers of Massachusetts are lining up solidly against the daylight saving law.

It is said that fifteen thousand people lose their lives in fires every year. Nearly all this appalling loss could be avoided by proper care.

Three weeks from next Friday President Harding will assume the reins of government and President Wilson will retire to private life.

President Wilson is unloading the Japanese problem on to President Harding. It is not to be wondered at. President Wilson has had all the problems he wishes to contend with.

Nine persons were killed by automobiles in this State in the first month of 1921. There will be no need of future wars to reduce the surplus population. Automobiles will do it.

President Harding will have to pay an income tax of over eighteen thousand dollars. Uncle Sam pays a salary for labor and then takes one-fourth of it back. President Wilson escaped this tax.

About the only article of food that has come down to any considerable extent is sugar. This has reached the lowest figure in three years. Cuban sugar was selling this week in New York at wholesale for 3 1/2 cents.

The Senate recount of votes in the Newbury-Ford contest in Michigan is completed. It shows that Newbury was elected by 4334 over Ford. The original plurality of Newbury was given by the Michigan election officers as 7557.

No wonder that the stuff sold for coal in this country is high. The operators are sending abroad all the coal that they can find vessels to carry, and the foreign shipments, the past year have more than doubled any previous year.

Germany says she cannot pay the fifty-six billions the Allies have assessed her for the wanton destruction of life and property, in the war she brought on. It was not to be expected that she would make even partial reparation for her evil deed without a whimper.

Indications are that the re-appointment bill of the next House of Representatives will go over to the next session of Congress. The States that are to lose Representatives by the bill now before the Senate are making a vigorous kick. Rhode Island is among the number.

Secretary Daniels says that he has no idea of scrapping the Navy. We are glad to hear it. We hope he does not intend to further scrap the Training Station, at Newport. Still, we shall feel easier when Daniels goes back to Raleigh as a private citizen, which he will do four weeks from now.

The sentiment of the country is practically unanimous in favor of changing the date of the inauguration of the new President from March 4th to January 1st. In these days of rapid communication there is no excuse whatever for waiting four months after the election before the new administration comes into power.

This seems to be the season of a general cut in wages. Before business can get back to normal that cut must come. Wages are now more than five times what they were a few years ago and the efficiency of the workman has decreased tenfold. Let us return to the good old times all round. In order to do this, prices of all kinds must be reduced.

The debts of the principal nations of the world are truly appalling. The debt of the United States is \$24,062,510,000. In 1913 it was \$1,023,564,000. France owes \$46,025,000,000; Germany \$37,200,000,000; Great Britain \$37,910,000,000. The Supreme Council of the Allies has decreed by a unanimous vote that Germany shall pay the Allies as recompense for damage done during the War, \$56,000,000,000. They are to have forty-two years in which to pay it.

The Massachusetts Fuel Administrator says: "The quality of the coal being sold the people at \$16 and \$23 a ton is very poor, and I have communicated with the dealers that the quality was scandalous. The people are being unfairly dealt with, and some kind of an order should be sent to Washington notifying them that Massachusetts is not satisfied with the coal being delivered." Better include Rhode Island, for the stuff called by courtesy coal in this State is more than unsatisfactory. The selling of it is worse than highway robbery.

THE BIGGEST NAVY

Before the war, the Democratic party was for a "little navy." Now Secretary Daniels, with presumably the sanction of his chief, thinks that the United States should have the biggest navy in the world unless a general agreement for reduction of armaments is agreed upon.

In the early days of the Wilson administration the United States was in great danger. It was about to enter the worst war of all history, without any preparation for the same.

In his message to Congress in December, 1914, President Wilson said, that those who urged a greater degree of preparedness for war, were "nervous and excited." The country is now able to see why Lindley Garrison, an efficient secretary of war, withdrew from a cabinet more inclined to pacifism than preparedness.

In that time of great danger, the Democratic administration failed to take the most elementary steps to prepare for war. The cost of our participation in the struggle was enormously increased by this failure to anticipate the event.

The Democratic executives, at a time when the country was in imminent danger, and as the event proved, about to enter a terrific and hazardous conflict, would do practically nothing to get ready for war. Then after the country got into it, and as the result of the superhuman effort of the entire people, managed to pull through and remove most of the dangers that confronted the nation, the administration suggested a naval program of reckless extravagance. The country expressed its view of such wabbling by a 7, 000,000 majority last November.

SLOW AMERICA

The American people like to think of themselves as progressive and quick to take up new ideas. Yet it does seem to take a tremendous lot of agitation to get necessary changes adopted.

Here for a century the United States has made it a practice to elect a president in November, and not put him to work until March. Over in little Finland, which has recently secured its independence, they inaugurate the president the day after he is elected and he immediately goes to work.

In this country public business is held up for four months by our antiquated system. It is particularly distressing at a period of world strain, when the new administration should be applying remedies for existing troubles. This is a big country and time is required to get in returns and settle disputes. But the new president should be at work 60 days after election at most, and after the country has tried a 60 days period, it would probably wish it had made it 30 days.

THE PAINTED FACE

Girls who attend the San Diego, Cal., high school with painted faces are required to wash them before attending classes. It would be a mighty good idea if some older girls could be subjected to the same requirement.

Many women defend the painted face custom, on the ground that no other way can a girl get attention. But if a girl can win friendship in that way only, it is usually a sign that she is pretty dull mentally. No rouge pot ever took the place of either brains or enthusiasm.

The girl who uses these artificial means soon gets a withered appearance. She repels discriminating men, who abhor shams. If some of these pale faced girls would take brisk walks in the open air, they would create color infinitely superior to any drug store brand.

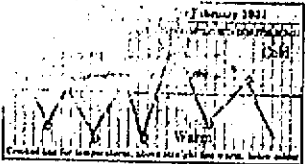
THE COST OF DELIVERY

One element of the cost of living is the cost of delivering parcels. The National Retail Dry Goods Association recently conducted an investigation to find out how much this expense is. They figure that the cost is anywhere from 5 to 30 cents per package, and the average expense seems to be about 12 cents.

Many people have carelessly got into the habit of having goods delivered that they could just as well carry themselves. Many thousands of men and as many automobiles and teams are employed delivering this stuff. And the people who carry their own parcels have to pay for those who indolently have their mail stuff delivered. Cash and carry is a great motto for reducing cost of living.

Twenty-five years ago Uncle Sam's three per cent. bonds sold above par and there was such a scramble to get them that they were oversubscribed six times. Today our Uncle's four and a quarter per cent. bonds are selling around 85 and are a drug on the market at that. The holders of many millions who have been disappointed at the low rate these bonds are selling for would throw them overboard if there was any market for them near the price they cost. Let us hope that under President Harding's wise administration things will improve.

Mr. William G. Lamb is spending a week with relatives in New Bedford and Providence.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Feb. 5, 1921.

During the early part of the week centering on Feb. 12, a warm wave, averaging lower temperatures than usual, will come out of the land of ice in Winter and mosquitoes in Summer—northern Alaska—and gradually spread southward and eastward till it covers all the land west of meridian 90. It will come at the end of the cold weather predicted for that great section during the week centering on Feb. 5 and will break up that cold spell. It will drift eastward, crossing continent in about five days. A storm wave will follow one or two days later and then a cool wave. Following this storm wave will come your opportunity for outdoor affairs and you should make good use of it for two weeks ending about Feb. 20. A tradition among farmers says that February usually—not always—brings a thaw. If it comes this February it will be during the week centering on 17. These February thaws are not good for winter grain. Many winter killings of winter grain come from such thaws.

Not as much precipitation on the Pacific slope and in the cotton states is expected during February as occurred in December and January. Following Feb. 16 is expected to be good for truck gardening in cotton states except Florida, and fair in Florida, Cuba, Haiti, Porto Rico and the Windward Islands. These islands and Florida will get too much rain, but this will be favorable to the sugar cane crop. Cold weather will prevail during last days of February. A very considerable and important change in rainfall will occur in April; it will have great effects on the 1921 crops. My rainfall forecasts for the West Indies are good. Sugar cane and all other species of the corn plant require much rain, which is not good for cotton. Bad storms are not expected last half of Feb. Greatest storms and most precipitation—rain or snow—is expected during the week centering on Feb. 6. My forecasts of great storms during the week centering on Jan. 9 and coldest weather of the month following them were good. Storm intensities will be a little above normal during the week centering on Feb. 23.

Venus is the bright star that has been appearing in the west during the evenings; Mars is apparently close to but far beyond it. Jupiter and Saturn are seen in the east during the early mornings. The very early Nordic Aryans, who inhabited the great country called Eden, in prehistoric times, gave names to the planets that have never been changed. These planets were the ancient gods. The shepherd kings, who ruled over Egypt and probably built the pyramids, were emigrants from Eden to Egypt and were the original Egyptian astronomers. These Eden Aryans, steel gray eyes and dark brown hair people, also gave the colors of the crystal stone gems to the planets, as follows: To the Sun, yellow diamond, a high red yellow; Moon, beryl, spotted; Mercury, sapphire, sky blue; Venus, white chalcedony, a pearl-like or milky white; Mars, a pigeon-blood ruby red; Jupiter, orange mixed with green, the piddah, or yellow caruncle; Saturn, black diamond, nephrite; Uranus and Neptune had not been discovered in those early ages.

A week from today, February 12, is Lincoln's Birthday.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

- A2880-\$1.00 Fi Fo Fum—One Step Dancing Honey-moon—Fox Trot
- A2879-\$1.00 Just Another Kiss—W Ah There—Fox Trot
- A2883-\$1.00 Mohammed—Fox Trot Afghanistan—Fox Trot
- A2895-\$1.00 Bo-La-Bo—Fox Trot Venetian Moon—Fox Trot
- A2898-\$1.00 Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson C-U-B-A—Kaufman

We ship Records all over the country.

PLUMMER'S MUSIC STORE

NEWPORT, R I

Weekly Calendar FEBRUARY 1921

STANDARD TIME.											
Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs
6 Jan	6 55	5 55	5 09	5 10	5 10	5 10	6 Feb	6 55	5 55	5 09	5 10
6 59	6 59	6 59	6 43	6 43	6 43	6 43	6 59	6 59	6 59	6 43	6 43
7 Jan	6 52	6 07	6 12	6 12	6 12	6 12	7 Feb	6 52	6 07	6 12	6 12
8 Jan	6 51	6 06	6 11	6 11	6 11	6 11	8 Feb	6 51	6 06	6 11	6 11
9 Jan	6 50	6 05	6 10	6 10	6 10	6 10	9 Feb	6 50	6 05	6 10	6 10
10 Jan	6 49	6 04	6 09	6 09	6 09	6 09	10 Feb	6 49	6 04	6 09	6 09
11 Jan	6 47	6 02	6 07	6 07	6 07	6 07	11 Feb	6 47	6 02	6 07	6 07

New moon, February 17th, 7:33 evening.
First Quar., February 15th, 1:54 evening.
Full moon, February 22d, 4:33 morning.

Deaths.

In this city, 2d last, Rachel Norman, daughter of the late John and Sarah E. Spooner.
In this city, Feb. 3, Stephen Brennan.
In this city, 4th inst., Albert J. Keefe.
In Jamestown, 25th ult., Edna Newell, 70th in his 57th year.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Meeting of Berkeley Parent-Teachers Association

At the first regular business meeting of the Berkeley Parent-Teachers Association, which was held on Tuesday afternoon at the Berkeley School, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham presided, in the absence of the President, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, who was unable to be present, owing to the illness of her daughter.

A letter was read from Mrs. Annie W. Congdon, library visitor and director of the Travelling Library, in answer to a letter from Mrs. Arthur G. Sisson. Mrs. Sisson and Miss Annie Gibson, principal of the Berkeley School, were appointed a committee to consult with Mrs. Congdon. Mrs. Sisson was authorized to secure books suitable for children from the third to ninth grades, inclusive.

An interesting talk was given by Mrs. Jeannette Child, district nurse, who reports that a number of persons are desirous of attending night school, and who would be willing to pay. Upon consultation, Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham found that the teachers would be willing to give extra time for a small recompense, if transportation were provided. Mrs. Child was asked to ascertain the number wishing to attend a night school and the matter will be placed before the February meeting of the School Committee.

Mrs. Child spoke of the advantages of having the Parent-Teachers Association and the improved conditions of the schools. She remarked that where the children had once brought ten and coffee in their lunches, they now brought thermos bottles of cocoa or milk, with the resulting improvement in the children. Mrs. Child recommended that the Association work for medical instruction, and stated that if the town succeeds in obtaining this, the State will give the substantial aid of \$250.00. She also recommended that be a building in the center of the town, as a committee center for housing materials, and holding clinics and other meetings. Mrs. Child was asked to look into the matter of the lunches furnished in the Tiverton schools and report at the next meeting.

Several extracts on "Why Parent-Teachers Associations are Needed," were read by Mrs. Elisha A. Peckham, who also suggested plans for receiving new members.

Four teachers and four officers were present, besides a number of members of the town. At the next meeting the Constitution and By-laws will be read, after which the members will sign as charter members. It is the desire of the Association that all persons who are interested in town advancement shall attend these meetings.

Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Vietri of this town are the happy parents of a daughter.

The Paradise Reading Club met on Wednesday at the home of Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham. The subject: "How they are made—Money, Pianos, Needles, Watches, and Rubber," was in charge of Miss Eliza M. Peckham and proved very interesting.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Coggeshall of Green Lane are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Plans have been made for the fourth in a series of Smokers to be held at the Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday, February 9. The committee in charge will be William Bone, Vernon Dennis and Philip S. Wilbur.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCartney have had as guests Mrs. Alden Walker and family of Boston, and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Leroy Dennis and son of North Providence.

Miss Laura Barker of Boston has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Manchester.

Mr. and Mrs. Ashton C. Barker have gone to New York to spend February and March with their daughters, Mrs. Karl Stone and Mrs. George Klaphor.

Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman was elected vice president of the Rhode Island Corn Growers Association, which was held in Providence recently. Mr. Sumner D. Hollis was elected Newport County representative and Messrs. L. I. Sherman, Joseph A. Peckham and James E. Knott, Jr., superintendents of exhibits.

Rev. John Howard Deming of Newport preached at the Holy Cross Church last Sunday afternoon. On Wednesday evening the Holy Cross Guild gave a supper at the Guild House. At a recent meeting of the Guild it was voted to allow the Girl Scouts the use of the Guild House for meetings as soon as they have organized. It was also voted to give \$10 annually to St. Elizabeth's Home in Providence on April 11, in memory of Mrs. James R. Chase, that date being her birthday. Mrs. Chase was always a willing worker and a great help in obtaining funds for the present Guild house. Tentative plans were discussed for enlarging the Guild house.

Mr. Charles Stevens, who was ill at the Newport Hospital, is much more comfortable.

Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman entertained the members of St. Mary's Choir Guild recently at an all-day meeting.

Mrs. Jeannette Child, the Middletown district nurse, has completed arrangements for the opening of classes in Red Cross home nursing. Anyone wishing to join the class may send their name to either Mrs. Child or Mrs. Clarence C. Thurston. On the completion of the course Red Cross certificates will be awarded the members of the class.

St. Columba's Guild held a business meeting on Friday afternoon in the Berkeley Parish House. In the evening the Berkeley Dramatic Club gave a dance in place of the monthly meeting, and each member brought one guest.

A Valentine social of the Oliphant Reading Club will be held on Feb. 11 at the home of Mrs. Charles Thomas on West Main Road.

The Ladies' Aid of the Methodist Episcopal Church gave a supper on Thursday evening. The supper was in charge of Miss Dorothy A. Peckham and Mrs. Julia Brown. Mrs. Mary Lawton and Miss Cora Smith. The entertainment was in charge of Miss Dorothy A. Peckham and Miss

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET, WEEK OF JANUARY 24-JANUARY 29

(Prepared by the United States Bureau of Markets.)

Fruits and Vegetables.

Except for a slight advance in cabbage, all important lines either held steady or declined slightly. Trading was practically suspended for two days by the cold weather and since then considerable stock has arrived in good condition. Apples were steady. New York State Baldwin selling \$1.50-1.60 per barrel, good New Hampshire Baldwin from cold storage at \$1.40-1.50 per barrel. Best Danish cabbage from New York State advanced from \$1.25 per barrel to \$1.30. New Florida cabbage in barrel crates sold at the end of the week at \$1.25. Native grown Pascal celery was firm at \$1.00-1.10 per bushel box and California celery at \$1.00-1.10 per crate. Cane seed corn was \$1.00-1.10 per bushel. Native grown pumpkins and beets were steady at \$1.00-1.10 per bushel. Turnips at \$1.15-1.20 per bushel. Hubbard squash at \$1.00-1.10 per bushel. Household cucumbers were steady at \$1.00-1.10 per bushel. Lettuce advanced to \$1.00-1.10 per bushel.

Dairy and Poultry

The only real feature on the dairy markets during the past week has been the further sharp decline in cream. Retail prices evidently stimulated consumption, and a better trade was reported for a few days, but there was not sufficient cream to meet the demand. The last of the week prices dropped rapidly. This loss for the week has been about 10c per dozen. Fresh Western eggs declining from 45c-46c to 40c-41c. On the other hand, eggs have also been more plentiful and dropped from 70c-72c down to 65c-67c. Butter markets have made very little change. Trade has been quiet and prices have not moved. No great price changes have resulted. Fresh butter has been reaching the market from the West and is now selling at 40c-41c. But has not sold at much advance over the same grade of storage butter. At the close of the week fresh butter was bringing 40c-41c and the same grade of storage 39c-40c.

Cheese also made a slight improvement in feeling but no change in price. Very little fresh cheese has been reaching the market during the past week. The danger of frost damage in shipping from country points at this season of the year, so trade has been on the safe side and has held on to the large stocks of American cheese.

The higher prices during the past week on the poultry markets have evidently had an effect on trade. Demand has been on the increase and a very quiet market. Price changes have been noted only on the very latest fresh broilers, which have ranged 12c-13c higher. Fowl have ranged 10c-12c and chickens from 8c-10c according to size and quality. Very little live poultry from nearby points has been reaching the market, although heavier receipts from western points have made this class a little easier. Fowl steady at 30c-32c and chickens at 25c-27c.

Gbv. Lake of Connecticut has issued a proclamation to the people of Connecticut appealing for aid for the starving children of Europe.

Armed with one large and serviceable looking buckskin, Sissie John-son of New Bedford, Mass., who said she had Indian blood in her veins and is too proud to beg, appeared at the mayor's office and asked to be given a job sawing wood at the almshouse. She carefully deposited the saw in the mayor's waiting room while she told her story in the inner sanctum. She has four children.

Richards M. Bradley of Boston, as one of the trustees of the will of Thomas Thompson, is allowed to use his discretion in the expenditure of the income of a \$1,000,000 fund left by Mr. Thompson, a former Boston merchant, for the benefit of seamstresses, needlewomen and shop girls of Brattleboro, Vt., and Rhinebeck, N. Y., according to a decision made by Judge Jenay of the Supreme Court, Boston.

Prohibition has increased illicit traffic in narcotic drugs, Charles S. Robinson, for 14 years a prison officer told the Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Public Health at a hearing on bills filed by director William S. Bryer of the division of registration, Department of Civil Service and Registration. One of the bills aims to establish in the department a division of narcotic drug control and to compel every dealer in narcotics to register.

Gov. Cox of Massachusetts points out that a deficit of nearly \$1,000,000 confronted the present administration when it took office. This is referred to as a "deplorable condition," and he adds that the condition of the treasury at the close of business for the fiscal year 1920 was "far less favorable than in previous years" and "far from satisfactory." As a result of this condition the state tax for 1921 will probably be \$15,000,000, an increase of \$1,000,000 over that of 1920. In addition to the \$15,000,000, which will be levied on the cities and towns of the commonwealth, it will be necessary to raise \$2,000,000 by other forms of taxation, and the Governor recommends increasing fees which the state now charges for services rendered, in granting charters, motor vehicle licenses, etc.

The American Wringer Company, Providence, the largest concern of its kind in the world, was placed in the hands of a temporary receiver by Presiding Justice Tanner in the supreme court, upon petition of Sullivan Ballou, secretary of the company. The petition declared the company, which is capitalized at \$1,750,000 was insolvent. The court's decree also enjoins starting of suits against the company by directors. Depression due to the war is said to be the chief reason for the company's difficulties.

London Dog Market

The well-known "dog market" in the East end of London is situated in the vicinity of Club row, where hundreds of vendors can be seen every Sunday morning with dogs of all shapes, sizes and breeds, which they offer for sale.

Wonderful Human Bones.

Human bones have a wonderful power of resistance. It has been proved that they will bear a pressure three times greater than oak and almost as much as wrought iron before being crushed.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS

IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeeland

The will of H. A. Huntington, died for probate in Springfield, Mass., was written on a page torn from a hymn book.

Two hundred employees of the Rosale Velvet Company at Myrtle, Conn., have decided to accept a cut of 15 to 20 percent in wages.

Daylight saving in Rhode Island from May 1 to Oct. 1 is proposed in an act introduced in the House by Representative James F. Lavender of Bristol.

Henry A. Dudley, 12, of 21 Gainsboro street, Boston, was killed by a bullet from a 22-calibre pistol in the rooms of the State School of Musketry, across the street from his home.

The late Judge Henry W. Briggs of the Charlestown, Mass., court, left nearly a half-million dollars by his will filed in the Suffolk probate office, the greater portion of the estate going to various charities.

Some one stole a ham from the kitchen of Troop Warden John W. Stobart, Franklin, Mass., and now the town official says that "if the man who took the ham will call again he can have some eggs to go with it."

Better enforcement of liquor laws in Maine will be considered at a conference of State and Federal enforcement officers with Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-saloon League of America, at Augusta, on Feb. 10.

The New England Milk Producers Association at its convention in Boston went on record as favoring the Fordney Tariff bill, which provides a tariff of 2 cents a gallon on milk, 6 cents a gallon on cream and 8 cents a pound on butter.

Mylo D. Campbell, president of the National Federation of Milk Producers, told how milk cows, which a year ago sold for \$149, are being sold today for \$40 and "led to the shambles" of the stockyards. The farmer loses \$1 on every 100 pounds of milk he produces, he added. Dr. George R. Little, Schaghticoke, N. Y., was elected president.

The number of volumes in the Harvard University library has passed the 2,000,000 mark, which makes it the third library in size in the whole country. Prof. Archibald C. Coolidge's annual report as director of the library, shows 2,018,100 volumes and pamphlets. The Congressional Library at Washington and the New York public library alone exceed it in size.

Woodward N. Ellis, 39, watchman for the Texas Company, Providence, was committed to the State Hospital for Mental Diseases, after it is alleged he had drawn a revolver and had driven employees out of the company's office. Ellis himself called up police headquarters and stated that the police were needed there right away. Ellis went crazy looking for burglars, friends say.

None of the half dozen women who ran for the Massachusetts Legislature last fall was successful, but a member of the newly enfranchised sex has been selected for one of the most important places in the legislative organization. Speaker Young announced that Mrs. Edna C. Barry had been named clerk by the committee on rules, the occupant of which becomes private secretary to the speaker.

Orlando L. Martin of Plainfield, ex-Commissioner of Agriculture, was elected president of the Vermont Holstein-Friesian Association at the annual meeting held at Montpelier. A committee was appointed to adapt the bylaws of the New England Association to the State society, and it was voted to put a state herd in competition at the Eastern States exhibition and at other fairs next Fall.

Speakers at the dinner of the Economic Club of Boston widely disagreed as to the needs of Massachusetts and their remedies. Former Gov. Samuel W. McCall said that the source of the troubles that afflicted Massachusetts lay, not within the state, but at Washington, where there was great need for less taxation, less expenditure and less government. He declared that, though we might be saving at the Massachusetts-spiegel, we should not make any material advance toward economy unless waste at the Washington bungalow were stopped.

ROB BANK OF \$119,000

Thieves Escape in Automobile From Virginia Village.

Washington.—The Commonwealth National Bank at Readville, Va., a village 100 miles from here, was robbed of cash and securities totalling \$119,000 and then set on fire, according to reports received by the Washington police department.

The building, a two story frame structure, was destroyed. The door to the vault and that of the safe inside were found open. The handits escaped.

CANADIAN PROVINCES DRYER

Transportation of Liquor in Northwest Stops.

Winnipeg, Man.—Interprovincial traffic in intoxicating liquors has ceased in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and shipments which have not crossed the provincial borders will not be delivered.

Along with liquor traffic the forty ounce prescription bottles passes into history. Hereafter bottles will be the standard size for all twelve

PROF. GUILLAUME

French Scientist Awarded
Nobel Prize for Physics



Prof. Charles-Edmond Guillaume of France has been awarded the 1920 Nobel prize for physics. He is the head of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures.

DRYS WANT JAIL FOR ALL WHO TAKE DRINK

Leaders to Ask Congress to Amend Law to Make Consumer Equally Guilty With Seller.

Washington.—Prohibition leaders in Congress are hoping to tighten up the Volstead law. They are planning new legislation to provide a flat jail sentence for the first offense of selling liquor without giving the courts the optional right of imposing a fine.

Other changes being discussed among the prohibition leaders relate to the search and seizure clause, so as to reach the home brew and to make more sweeping the present law under which a person buying liquor may be punished equally with the person selling it.

Confiscation of every drop of liquor held by citizens, regardless as to when or how it was acquired, also is being urged. This would legalize seizure of all stocks held in private cellars or safety deposit vaults. Objection to that, however, has been made by some dry leaders on the ground that little such liquor finds its way into channels of bootleg trade and that it won't be long before all such liquor will be used up.

Unless a pending bill which would permit federal commissioners to try minor liquor cases is passed a proposed amendment to the Volstead law would take care of this. Federal court dockets are now badly congested with Volstead violations, and government officials have reported a change of procedure necessary.

The big fight for amendment will start with the opening of the new session in April, according to dry leaders. They say they have enough votes in the house now to put through any added restrictions they may desire, but that there is not enough time left.

Meanwhile Chairman Volstead of the House Judiciary Committee, on whose shoulders will fall the bulk of revising and tightening up, is awaiting word from prohibition enforcement officers as to suggestions for making the law bulletproof.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

MEDICINE HAT, CAN.—Rainmaker Hatfield has been engaged to increase precipitation in this district during the dry season at the rate of \$1,000 per inch, the United Agricultural Association announced. The "rainmaker" is to operate between May 1 and August 1 over a section of about 100 miles radius.

CHICAGO.—Many of the railroads are facing bankruptcy and must have quick relief, according to W. W. Atterbury, chairman of the Association of Railway Executives, who appeared before the United States Railway Labor Board.

PARIS.—Internallied authorities at Oppeln, Silesia, seized two carloads of arms and ammunition being taken into Silesia from Germany.

LOS ANGELES.—Heavily guarded by armed officers and facing sentences of from ten years to life for their crime, Floyd Carr and Arthur J. Carr, cousins, confessed at the city jail the details of the \$20,000 kidnapping plot that resulted in the abduction of beautiful Mrs. Gladys Witherell of Hollywood, twenty-three years old, whose rescue was effected at a lonely cabin in the Santa Anna Canyon. Mrs. Witherell was unharmed.

DETROIT.—Three armed bandits entered the North End Branch of the American State Bank, locked three employees in a rear room and escaped with \$14,000. The bandits compelled the cashier to bring the money from a safe.

PIERRE, S. D.—Attorney General Payne of South Dakota announced that he would begin a campaign of rigid enforcement of the present blue laws unless they were repealed during the present campaign of the legislature.

STREETER, N. D.—The First National Bank here closed its doors as a result of steady withdrawals.

Four women are to be candidates for office at the Marblehead, Mass., town election, Feb. 11. They are: Miss Amy B. Lindsey for the School Board, Miss Edith Fabens for the Board of Overseers of the Poor, Mrs. Amy Snow for assessor, and Mrs. Mary P. Boles for trustee of Abbot Public Library.

U. S. COURT CLEARS LANGDON

"Subject of Unwarranted Attack by Japanese Sentry," Admiral Gleaves Reports.

JAPAN SENDS SCANT REPLY

Promises "Thorough Investigation," but Fails to Meet Points Raised in American Note—Sentries' Powers Limited.

Washington.—The Navy Department was advised by Admiral Gleaves of Vladivostok that the American naval court of inquiry on the killing of Lieut. W. H. Langdon, U. S. N., had decided "that Langdon was blameless and that the Japanese sentry fired the first shot and that Langdon was the subject of an unwarranted attack by the Japanese sentry."

At the same time a reply was received from Japan by the State Department to its note regarding Lieutenant Langdon's death. Japan promises a "thorough investigation" of the circumstances surrounding the case.

The Japanese government's note was said at the department not to meet the points raised by the American government in its communication, and was regarded as little more than an acknowledgment of the receipt of the American note.

The United States asked for a full explanation of the action of the sentry and assurances that such an incident would not again occur. It was assumed at the department that after the "thorough investigation" promised the Japanese government would send a more comprehensive reply.

Admiral Gleaves, in reporting the findings of the naval court, informed the Navy Department that General OI, Japanese commander at Vladivostok, had issued an order declaring that "no regulation has been issued authorizing Japanese sentries to halt passersby of any nationality in the streets of Vladivostok."

The substance of the Japanese general's order, as transmitted to the department by Admiral Gleaves, included a statement that Japanese sentries were to make exceptions to the rule only in cases where they themselves or the properties under their guard were attacked or subjected to actual danger. All staff officers were warned by General OI to see that sentries were instructed to use greater precautions to prevent a repetition of such an occurrence as the Langdon affair.

"I am informed by Japanese staff officers that are lights are being placed on opposite sides of the streets from every sentry box in order to prevent any mistake of this kind in the future," Admiral Gleaves' dispatch concluded.

Japanese Court Martial Conducting Inquiry in Good Faith, Tanaka Insists

Tokio.—Minister of War Tanaka, replying to the Diet on an interpellation by Representative Katano Mochizuki of the Kensei-Kai, or opposition party, regarding the recent killing of Lieut. Warren H. Langdon in Vladivostok, said the incident was regrettable in view of the fact that it occurred between American and Japanese nationals at a time when the two peoples were devotedly endeavoring to establish a closer, mutual understanding. The matter still is being investigated by a Japanese court martial, which is acting in sincerity and good faith, the war minister added.

Minister Tanaka said the question to be decided was who was the first to shoot, but judging from the results of the investigation as far as it had gone, it appeared the Japanese sentry took the initiative. If this was so, the war minister continued, the only factor remaining to be decided was whether the sentry was subjected to such a serious menace as to justify his action. The unusual hour at which the American officer appeared on the street armed with a pocket lamp might have multiplied the possibilities of a misunderstanding, Minister Tanaka declared, and it was to throw light on these important, yet unambiguous, circumstances that the investigation was being continued.

LIFE TERM FOR SLAYER

Alabama Jury Convicts Prisoner Who Killed Dry Agent.

Tusculum, Ala.—Hamp Kirby, on trial in connection with the killing of Don Stephenson, prohibition enforcement deputy, and the wounding of two other officers, was found guilty by a jury and punishment was fixed at life imprisonment.

The verdict was returned within four hours after the jury was selected and after reading of a confession of the defendant.

TWELVE DEAD IN HOBOKEN FIRE

Six Women Among Victims of Colonial Hotel Blaze.

New York.—A toll of twelve lives, six men and six women, was taken in a spectacular fire which Saturday night gutted the Colonial Hotel in Hoboken. The list was increased to a round dozen last night when Miss Mary Schumacher, forty-two, of Jersey City, died in St. Mary's Hospital. Only five bodies have been identified. The fatal blaze was attended with many mysterious circumstances.

Superintendents, directors and other officers of boys' clubs from all parts of New England attended a conference at the Boston Athletic Association, at which the Massachusetts Federation of Boys' Clubs was merged with a new organization to be known as the New England Federation of Boys' Clubs.

LINDSAY RUSSELL

An Authority on
Japan's Aspirations



Lindsay Russell, founder of the Japan Society of New York and for ten years its president, says that Japan really wants economic opportunities rather than a problem of governing additional territory and peoples.

10,000 RETURN TO FORD CAR PLANT

Detroit Auto Factory Starts 50 Per Cent Production After Month's Rest.

Detroit.—Ten thousand men returned to work in the Ford Motor Company's plant at Highland Park Monday morning. As early as 5 o'clock three long lines of men, who had been called to work by postal cards, started to form at the Manchester avenue entrance of the plant, and by 8:30 the three lines stretched down Manchester half a block west to Woodward avenue and north on Woodward to Six Mile road, several blocks north of the plant.

It was an orderly, smiling crowd, the men expressing themselves as glad to get back to work. A few men gathered across the street, hoping for work; but the Highland Park police, who were out in force, and numerous special agents of the Ford Company had little to do.

The big stacks of the plant were smoking for the first time since the fires were drawn December 24, and the dozens of little shops on Manchester avenue which cater to the Ford workmen were open for the first time since the announcement of a shutdown.

The men represented all departments of the plant. As they filed in they exchanged the postal summoning them for the regular time cards and started for their machines or places in the assembly line. During the week it is expected that other men will be added to the returning army, until approximately 50 per cent normal production has been reached.

To attain this approximately 20,000 workmen will be necessary, for at the time of the shutdown in December 40,000 were employed in the Highland Park plant.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

The United States should continue its building program of 1916 despite the present agitation for disarmament, the house appropriations subcommittee in charge of naval appropriations has decided. That program would make the American navy the equal of any in the world by 1923, said the representative.

Income and excess profits taxes collected by the government in December fell off by more than \$245,000,000, as compared with December, 1919, and for the first half of the fiscal year collections declined by more than \$410,000,000.

Recommendation by the Department of Justice that the sentence of Eugene V. Debs, Socialist leader, now serving a ten-year sentence at Atlanta for violation of the wartime espionage laws, be commuted was rejected by President Wilson and commutation refused.

Victor L. Berger, Socialist editor of Milwaukee, and four co-defendants sentenced to terms ranging from ten to twenty years for violation of the wartime espionage act, will be given new trials under a decision by the Supreme Court, which was divided six to three on the question.

The senate confirmed the nominations of 5,000 junior officers of the army. The confirmations were the first of the present session and were made in open session by unanimous consent.

Representative Stedman, Democrat, of North Carolina, was given an ovation and a gold watch by the house in celebration of his eightieth birthday.

More than 6,000 suicides in 1920, an increase of over 1,000 for a single year, were brought to the attention of the Save a Life League, according to its annual report.

"Fish Engineer," "Bachelor of Fish," and other engineering terms connected with the ancient and honorable fish industry, don't appeal to Technology students in Boston at all. The faculty started the argument by investigating the proposition to start a fisheries college in connection with Tech, which, they will vote on soon.

BERLIN WON'T DISCUSS TERMS

German Official Says no Delegate Will Be Dispatched to London—Demands Fantastic.

SEES RUIN FOR GERMANY

Note of Transmittal Insists Teuton Government Must Meet Obligations. Drastic Provisions to Be Enforced in Event of Default of Payments.

Berlin.—Germany will not agree to the Paris reparations plan and will not even send a representative to London to discuss the plan with the Allied Supreme Council, in the opinion of a high official of the German foreign office, who was asked for an expression on the Paris decisions.

"The allies' figures are highly fantastic," asserted the official. "They give rise to doubt whether they are seriously meant."

"What about the punishment for failure to accept them—for example, the occupation of the Ruhr valley?" the correspondent asked.

"Well, let them try what they can get by that plan," was the reply. "We have taken that possibility also into consideration, and our conclusion is that occupation can be no worse than the imposition of these huge payments. Either alternative spells ruin for Germany without bringing the entente any nearer their goal."

"Even the Paris Temps correctly states the case, when it says that Germany can only meet indemnities when placed in a position to produce and sell goods. Otherwise nothing is obtainable. We understand that the Paris conference would be held on the basis of the Boulogne agreement, but the sum decided on at Paris is double the amount agreed on at Boulogne."

"This sudden change of front by the allies since the end of December is amazing. At that time their representatives approached us asking us to waive the stipulation of the treaty that the ultimate indemnity must be fixed by May 1 and proposing annuities extending over five years until the question could be studied more thoroughly. These representatives offered as an inducement to obtaining our consent that public opinion in their countries was still in such a state that it would not accept such a long sum, based upon Germany's apparent ability to pay, as might be fixed then."

"We agreed to this proposition and immediately set to work to prepare answers to a long series of questions which the Entente submitted to us and which were designed to fully show Germany's financial condition and resources."

"But now comes this Paris decision before our answers could even have been considered and it caps the absurdity of a fantastic indemnity with the demand for a levy on export duties on German goods. This would effectively prevent us from obtaining foreign trade."

The official drew the correspondent's attention to a statement in the Berliner Tageblatt, remarking, "That expresses my views." This statement said: "The conference was evidently in a kind of opium intoxication and conjured up piles of billions like an Oriental who in that state dreams of the joys of Paradise. For Germany these decisions are merely curiosities, possessing a certain psychological interest."

In spite of Germany's experiences under the Versailles treaty, the German people are united on this point and no German government could or would agree to the Paris decisions."

DELAWARE SENATE VOTES 40 LASHES FOR BANDITS

Dover, Del.—The Delaware State senate passed a bill making the penalty for highway robbery forty lashes on the bare back, not less than twenty years imprisonment and a fine of \$500.

The vote on the measure was, 19-10.

CUTICURA HEALS SKIN TROUBLE

In Pimples On Face, Itched Could Not Help Scratching, Face Looked Badly.

"My face broke out in patches of pimples on my chin and around my hair. They would fester and itch very much and I could not help scratching them until they bled. My face looked badly all the time."

"I read a Cuticura Soap and Ointment advertisement and sent for a sample. My face was broken out for nearly a year but after using two full-sized cakes of Cuticura Soap and one full-sized box of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Josephine Sutherland, R. D. 2, South Paris, Me., Aug. 4, 1919.

Use Cuticura Soap for toilet purposes, assisted, now and then, by touches of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal any tendency to irritation, redness or roughness of the skin or scalp. By using these delicate, fragrant, super-creamy emollients for all toilet purposes you may prevent many skin and scalp troubles becoming serious.

Don't forget to get the genuine Cuticura Soap and Ointment made by E. C. Cuticura Soap Co., New York, N. Y.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Incorporated 1819

DEPOSITS

Increase	Feb'y 1, 1920	Feb'y 1, 1921
\$436,915.24	\$11,369,654.62	\$11,805,569.86

WHY HANDICAP YOUR BEST INTERESTS?

Some young men by gratifying their desire for luxuries, handicap their own best interests. How good it is to have a fund that is constantly growing at interest with The Industrial Trust Company.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month draws interest from the 1st of that month.

IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

MARSH

1 BROADWAY

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND AUCTIONEER

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Filled

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Scents in Wood.

With the woods of the world to choose from, one can easily arrange a whole scale of scents from the sweetest and most delicate of perfumes at one extreme, to rank and overpowerful odors at the other, says the American Forestry Magazine. The stores of the perfumer's shop will not yield a greater variety than one can find in woods.

Enough Said.

Frequently a question contains its own answer. Such a question was the one put recently by a Kansas young woman who had failed to qualify for a position as teacher. Feeling that she had not been considerably dealt with, she wrote: "I think I am entitled to an explanation of why I failed, anyway."—Boston Transcript.

Taught by Experience.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, the man who first said, "Hell is paved with good intentions," was a man who endured the severest poverty, and was always put off by those whom he asked for support, only to be told after he became famous that they had intended to help him.

England Welcomes Virginia Flower.

To many people the Virginia creeper seems like rather a lowly and modest plant, and yet it has received a warm welcome in England, where it is grown freely, rambling over buildings, rocks and walls, just as much at home in English soil as in American.

United States' Bad Lands.

This is the translation of "Manvaisaie Terres," the term used by the French-Canadian trappers to describe these regions of unconsolidated rocks that have been extensively eroded. Bad lands occur on arid plateaus formed by horizontal strata of loosely cemented sands and gravels. The best examples of such regions are found in the upper portion of the Missouri drainage basin, in the vicinity of the Black Hills. Some are to be found also in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas.

Bermuda Islands Very English.

Although a Spaniard's name distinguishes the group of islands, England speaks from most of the units composing the Bermudas: the Main Island, St. George, Paget, Smith, St. David, Cooper, Nonsuch, Watford, Ireland and Somerset being typical. The population shows steady growth. Its people wear with pride the distinction of being the oldest self-governing colony in the empire.

Drum With Harmonics.

Musicians find the drum an unsatisfactory instrument for lack of harmonic overtones. From India comes the description of a drum the parchment head of which is loaded with an adherent composition containing finely divided iron. Such composition lies in a central circle. Around the edge a second ring-shaped membrane is secured and the effect of the loading is to produce good harmonic overtones.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

DOMBEY AND SON

By CHARLES DICKENS

Condensation by
Miss Carolyn Ticknor

"The child is father of the man" was never better illustrated than in the case of Charles Dombey. His first friends were books, good books. He read books of travel and the "Arabian Nights," Cervantes, Fielding, and Smollett. And as a child he learned to know and to love England—the England of pleasant country lanes, hedge-bordered, that ran to the sea or to quiet, green open spaces before stately cathedrals.

And he knew, too, the horror of mean London streets and numbing drudgery. For two years of his childhood he pined in a little upon blacking bottles, and when he saw his parents once a week he had to go to prison, where his father was confined for debt. Some of this London that he knew is in "Oliver Twist," and it crops out in other tales. Most of it, however, is in "David Copperfield," where his father is depicted as the immortal Mr. Micawber.

The joy of life and the bitterness, the kindness of men and the cruelty—these things were hived into the mind and soul of the sensitive boy. They are in the books of the man.

THIS story opens in the gloomy mansion of Mr. Dombey, head of the house of Dombey & Son, who is exulting in the birth of "little Paul," heir to his name and wealth.

This great event is followed by the death of Mrs. Dombey, who breathes her last, clasping her little daughter, Florence, to her heart. This child, neglected by her proud, cold father, tries vainly to win his love, but he, with all his hopes and his affection centered upon his son, finds no place in his heart for Florence.

All the advantages that wealth can offer are heaped on little Paul, who is a delicate child, old far beyond his years, and totally unfitted to fulfill his father's expectations. While gentle and loving to those about him, Paul's adoration for his sister, Florence, surpasses all his other interests, a fact which rankles in the breast of his father who would be first in the affection of his son.

Wishing to hasten Paul's education, Mr. Dombey sends him to Dr. Blimber's school, famed for its method of crushing out each boy's trait and making learned prigs of all its pupils. Here the boy finds a friend and champion in Toots, the head boy of the school, who falls a victim to the charms of Florence, but in the end consoles himself by marrying her faithful maid, the sprightly Susan Nipper.

The story of Paul's life at Dr. Blimber's, where his weak frame is tried beyond endurance, and finally breaks down, is a pathetic one, although it is enlivened by much that is amusing and absurd in the descriptions of the school and of the Blimber family.

Fatally ill, the boy is carried home to the big house, where all the skill in London, coupled with his sister's devotion, cannot save him, and after lingering awhile, he slips away from the grand future his father has so carefully arranged. The deathbed scene where little Paul leaves the big house forever, is one of the most famous in fiction.

Clasped in his sister's arms, the dying boy murmurs: "How fast the river runs. It's very near the sea. I hear the waves." "And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?" He sees his mother there awaiting him and whispers: "The light about her head is shining on me as I go."

The bereaved father, in an agony of grief and blasted hopes, turns coldly from the heart-breaking appeal of his sorrowing daughter, who pleads for some response in this dark hour. Bidding her seek her own apartments, he shuts himself up in his rooms alone.

Beside the dark threads in this story, are woven many bright ones which center in the humble dwelling of old Solomon Gills, maker of ships' instruments, and his devoted nephew, Walter Goy, who with their good friend, Captain Cuttle, form a delightful trio. The captain, who wears a hook in place of his right hand, and suffers patiently under the insults and abuses of his landlady, the terrible Mrs. MacStinger, is one of Dickens' best beloved characters.

Walter, who has a modest position in the great house of Dombey, watches with sympathy and admiration the career of the neglected daughter of his employer, and upon one occasion has the joy of rescuing her when she is lost in London. From the night when the frightened child is warmed and comforted at the sign of the "Wooden Nipperman," Florence holds Uncle Sol and Walter in warmest regard. When later, during Paul's illness, Walter comes to plead for a loan to save his uncle's property, the sympathetic boy at once becomes his champion and secures the money from his father. From this time on Paul takes a special interest in Walter and on his deathbed begs that he shall be remembered. This message Florence brings to Walter, pledging to him thenceforth her sisterly affection.

The fortunes of the house of Dombey are guided principally by the clever and "cat-like" manager, James Carker, with gleaming teeth and a perpetual smile, the instrument and confidant of Dombey, who by his flattery and cunning has gained almost complete control over his master's business. Working always to satisfy his own ambitions, he abstracts the growing partiality for Walter Goy and sends him on a voyage to the Indies, experiencing keen satisfaction when

the youth is shipwrecked and reported drowned.

This loss adds one more sorrow to those already the portion of Florence, whose father emerging from the gloom of his apartment seeks to divert his mind by going on a journey with his friend, Major Bagstock, a garrulous old society beau. They travel to Lenthington, where Mr. Dombey is introduced to some of the major's friends, and meets Mrs. Skewton and her widowed daughter, the cold and beautiful Edith Granger, who at once attracts his fancy.

Edith is proud, scornful, imperious, and for these traits the proud and dominating man admires her the more. He offers her wealth and position, and she, needing these things, accepts him, scorning meanwhile both the man and his offering, but willing to satisfy the irritating demands of her scheming mother with whom her life is unendurable.

A loveless marriage follows and the naughty wife asserts her own strong will, refuses to further the social ambitions of her husband, and estranges him by showering affection upon Florence. At last, goaded by Dombey's effort to break her spirit, and ready to be revenged upon him for his endeavor to humiliate her by orders sent her through his agent, Carker, she consents to fly from her home at the entreaty of her husband's paid minion, who from the first has fallen a victim to her beauty. Having revenged herself upon her husband by thus humiliating him, Edith proceeds to cast off Carker, whom she despises; she meets him at Dijon by appointment, and in the moment when he is glorying in the attainment of his desire, turns on him, denounces him and before he can stop her, rushes from the apartment, making good her escape, while he is left to confront his pursuer, her enraged husband, who has tracked them to Dijon.

Foiled and entrapped, Carker flees back to England, eluding his pursuer, only to be again tracked to his hiding place. When he believes himself safe from detection, he suddenly spies Dombey advancing toward him across the platform of a railway station, and dodging in afright on to the tracks behind him Carker is killed by an oncoming train.

In the hour of her father's humiliation, Florence once more turns to him with loving protestations, but he, enraged at the remembrance that she has ever won the love he has sought vainly, casts her off with an oath and strikes her brutally.

Partially stunned and feeling herself homeless and fatherless, Florence rushes half-crazed into the streets of London, and fainting with exhaustion finds shelter at the "Wooden Nipperman," now in the charge of Captain Cuttle. Following the sudden disappearance of old Sol Gills, the captain has taken possession of the place, not knowing if his friend, whose life had become insupportable without his beloved nephew, was alive or dead.

Tenderly welcomed to this humble home, Florence remains in hiding until the unexpected arrival of Walter, who suddenly appears upon the scene returning from a series of perilous adventures. Walter, the brother, is speedily transformed into Walter, the lover, and the young couple are united, to the delight of Captain Cuttle, also of old Sol Gills, who reappears from journeying to foreign parts in vain search for some news of Walter. Meanwhile, the fortunes of the house of Dombey, weakened by Carker's doubtful transactions, and also by the loss of his shrewd guidance, go down in ruin, leaving the proud head of the firm broken in health and spirit, with home and fortune wrecked.

Then tenderly forgiving all, Florence goes to her father and takes him to her home, where after a long illness, he arises a changed man, repentant of the past, and only caring to devote his last days to his daughter and her two children; Paul, who reminds him of his lost son, and little Florence, dearest of all to his penitent heart.

This work, which was first issued in serial form in 1847, met with immediate success. Its pages contain a wealth of incident and character, of fun, satire and pathos. Florence is one of Dickens' loveliest creations, and Dr. Blimber's school is described in his finest vein. Kind Captain Cuttle is famous the world over, as are Mr. Toots, Mrs. Pipchin and old Joe Bagstock. The deathbed scene of little Paul reveals the author's steadfast faith in immortality, and has done much to comfort sorrowing hearts throughout the world.

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Ice to Hold Stored Water.
Because the water supply of the small city of Ashland, Ore., is becoming inadequate in the summer, and increasing the storage facilities would cost \$100,000, the local engineers are trying an experiment as ingenious as it is simple. High up the side of Mount Ashland, at the headwaters of the supply, a system of piping and sprays is being installed, through which the surplus water of the winter will be directed and allowed to freeze. The damming action of the ice walls thus formed, and the gradual thawing of the ice itself, are expected to provide enough water for all the needs of summer.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Has Something to Boast Of.
The city of Winnipeg, Canada, boasts of having the largest individual railway yards in the world, and the cheapest electric light, the finest transportation facilities and widest streets in America.

The Proof.
"Do they show any degree of higher intelligence in that town?"
"Sure they do. Every man you meet now is wearing a wrist watch."

The Red Hat

By FREDERICK HART

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

The hat was red—a particularly distressful shade of red. Nellie Bates shuddered as she contemplated herself in the mirror. And the dress—she didn't like it at all. Why, oh, why, if there must be girls on magazine covers, she thought, must they wear such awful clothes? And yet they didn't look so awful when they were transferred to the artist's canvas or printed and smiling from thousands of news-stands.

But while she didn't at all mind posing for these exorbitant miasms, she did object to wearing clothes which did not harmonize with her appearance.

For Nellie knew, particularly well just what did harmonize. She was pretty—there was no denying that—and she had studied herself in the light of the examples she saw around her every day on Fifth avenue and other avenues. She knew—oh, she knew!

But money was money, and she had not gained her far-famed glory as the model for all the pretty girls on the magazine covers without making artistic sacrifices that cut her to the core. She loathed the hats and the gowns.

They were good-looking enough, in their place, but their place was distinctly not on Nellie. So she thought, and her unusually smiling face reflected her thought as she stepped from the dressing room into the big, airy studio.

Arthur Warren was mixing colors on his palette when she appeared, and he merely looked up with a brief, "Good morning, Miss Bates," as she entered.

As impersonal as that! Heaven thought Nellie, how could he be anything else with that hat in the foreground? Anybody would be impersonal to a hat like that.

Of course, she didn't want him not to be impersonal—certainly not! He was her employer, and she was to pose for him so that he could make thousands and thousands of dollars by selling her counterfeit presentment to editors for the covers of their midsummer numbers.

And he was a gentleman, even if he did have nice eyes. No, that wasn't what she meant; she meant that he did have nice eyes, even if he was a gentleman. What an awful hat! She swept to the model's stand dutifully. It was set with a tea-wagon on which was an entrancing outlay of glittering china and silver. Tea! It was the fifth time that week she had posed at a tea-wagon. "If all the tea I'm supposed to have drunk," thought Nellie, "were laid end to end it would fill the Atlantic ocean and slop over on the Rocky mountains!" From which it may be deduced that Nellie's ideas were a trifle mixed.

"Ah—Miss Bates—" Arthur Warren's even voice broke in on her jangled thoughts. "Will you please more that tea-wagon over toward you a little. There—that's it. Now sit in that big wicker chair and offer me a cup of tea. I want to get the position worked out—there! that's good! Can you hold that for a minute?"

Miss Bates could and would. She held the tea out, smiling mechanically, but her grin was a grimace of rage.

Just across the room was an antique pier-glass which had been acquired by Arthur Warren at an auction. Nellie, free to let her eyes wander where she would, happened to glance across the studio, and for an instant saw herself reflected in the depths of the clear mirror. She stared at what she saw for a full minute. Then suddenly she drew back her arm and with a full sweep sent the cup hurtling through the air full at the image.

The fragile china struck the mirror full (fortunately the tea in it was purely imaginary), and smashed into a million pieces. Warren looked up in startled amazement to see pretty Nellie Bates collapsed in a bundle of green dress and red hat on the model-stand, sobbing as though her heart would break. His wrath at the smashing of one of his favorite tea cups quickly vanished at sight of her tears, and he hastened to give her comfort.

"Why, Miss Bates! What on earth's the matter? You mustn't break down like this. Here, here—pull yourself together. Don't cry for heaven's sake! What is the matter with you?"

But Nellie would have none of his comfort. The matter with her really was that she was nervously exhausted; the strain of many trying days of hard work, coupled with the repression of a secret, had undermined her, and the red hat was just what was needed to touch off the mine. The secret?

Ah, Nellie herself could hardly have told you that; for she herself was at times scarcely aware of its existence. But it existed, as she was presently to find out.

For as Arthur Warren, greatly disturbed in his mind, bent over her, his hand for a moment rested on hers, and in that moment she knew her secret—that she loved him and would love him always. But the sudden knowledge only made her sob the harder. Suddenly she lifted a tear-stained face and threw her arms about his neck.

"Oh, Mr. Warren! Please hold me! Don't let me go—and don't let me wear that awful red hat again! Please!"

A man with less perspicacity than Arthur Warren might well have put down her words for the ravings of hysteria; but Arthur Warren was a man of understanding. Also he was no more proof than any of us would have been against the girl's pleadings. He held her in his arms, rocking her to and fro as though she were a tired child, and murmured words of comfort in her ear. Presently she fell asleep, and he laid her on the couch while he rang up a doctor.

"Nervous breakdown," commented

the doctor crisply. "Nothing serious, but—must be careful. Lots of rest and outdoor exercise. No work for a while. Diet—here he launched into a highly technical discussion, to which Warren paid no attention.

Four hours later little Nellie Bates woke to find herself in a wonderful pink room, pinker than any room she had ever imagined. A white-capped nurse was standing by the bed in which Nellie lay, and all around her were flowers. The nurse smiled at her as she opened her eyes, and tipped from murmur of low voices outside her door, and then Arthur Warren came into the room, shut the door softly behind him and came to the bedside.

"Where am I?" asked Nellie.

"You're at my country place, dear," replied Arthur, "and you're going to stay here till you get well."

Strange to say, neither of them seemed to notice that he had said "dear." Nellie asked another question.

"How did I get here?"

"You had a nervous breakdown this morning—something about a red hat," replied Warren, "and so I lugged you out here for a while. My aunt, a most estimable lady, is going to stay with you and act as combined head nurse and chaperon. You're all right—a good rest will put you on your feet again. And you shall stay here till you're well."

Nellie looked up at him. He surely had nice eyes, she thought. And he was looking at her and smiling in a queer sort of way—not at all the way he usually looked at her in the studio; and she was suddenly conscious of a desire to say a great many things to him; but all she managed was a feeble moan, as he turned away to leave the room.

At the sound he was back at the bedside like a flash. "Is anything the matter?" he asked anxiously.

"Nothing," said Nellie, in a faint voice. "That is—except—how long can I—? How ridiculous! The words wouldn't seem to get out."

"Yes," encouraged Warren.

"How long can I—stay here?"

Arthur Warren hesitated. Then he suddenly sank to his knees beside the bed and caught her hands in his.

"Nellie, dear, you can stay just as long as you want. I didn't know until this morning that I loved you—but I know it now and I've got to tell you. You can stay here just as long as you want."

Nellie drew him down to her.

"Oh, Arthur, dear," she murmured, "I think I'd like to stay, always."

HIGH HONOR FOR REGIMENT

Third United States Infantry Claimed to Be the Oldest in the United States Army.

A press dispatch from San Antonio, Tex., says the Third United States Infantry, known as the oldest regiment in the United States army, with a record of achievement dating back to 1774, celebrated its 140th anniversary of organization at its headquarters at Camp Eagle Pass on the Texas-Mexican border.

According to the official "Histories of Organization" the Third Infantry was organized September 4, 1792, as the "Infantry of the Third Sublegion," its designation changed to "Third Regiment of Infantry" November 1, 1793. The records of early regiments are inextricably involved by the many consolidations and reorganizations, and the same official record, that states that the Third regiment became a part of the First regiment in March, 1816, records under the history of the First regiment that it became a part of the Third regiment in March, 1816. In view of the consolidation of the First and Third regiments and their various reorganizations either might lay claim to the honor of being the oldest regiment in the army.

In a review of the Third Infantry's record some time ago the New York Times recalled that the regiment between 1794 and 1912 participated in a long list of battles and engagements, the first under Maj. Gen. "Mad Anthony" Wayne, the capture of Stony Point in the Revolution, and the last under Gen. John J. Pershing. The same year it was organized "Mad Anthony" issued an order giving the unit the distinctive insignia, "Yellow blinding on their caps, yellow plumes and black hair."

How He Did It

The late W. K. Vanderbilt was noted for his quiet, kindly wit. He was once discussing with some friends the career of a man whose horse had just won the Grand Prix and a banker said: "Blank's brilliant success in the world is a great surprise to me and everybody else who knew him as a young man. Of all the dissipated, worldly, reckless chaps I ever saw he was the worst. It is beyond me how he has been able to climb to the top of the ladder as he has done." "Well," replied Mr. Vanderbilt, "you would understand Blank's climb better if you knew Mrs. Blank." She steeled the ladder for him, you see."

Will Tow Them In

Special airplanes to carry fish from Holland to England are to run in the winter. The idea of keeping the fish long enough to enable them to cross under their own power has been abandoned.—London Punch.

Let Bob Do It

Bill—Going to Bob's wedding?
Gill—No, I'm not.
"Going to send your regrets?"
"Not me. If he's fool enough to get married let him do the regretting himself."

Still In Pursuit

Bacon—Did you say your boy was pursuing his studies still?
Egbert—Yes, he is.
"Do you suppose he'll ever catch up with them?"

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

WORLD'S DEBT TO UNKNOWN

Fitting That Services Rendered to Humanity by the Anonymous Should Be Properly Recognized.

Underlying the splendid tributes of France and Great Britain to two unknown soldiers, as symbols of all the unknown heroes of the war, is a thought that should find more general application in times of peace.

It is something new for unknown soldiers to be buried in Westminster and under the Arch of Triumph. State burial was once reserved for marshals and generals and conspicuous heroes, among military men. It is only just that the victory of democracy over autocracy should make such a difference, and it is only natural that an anonymous soldier should symbolize common service in war.

Such service has always been anonymous, but the anonymous have not previously been so honored. Common service of an official character is usually performed by men in uniform—whether as soldiers, policemen, firemen or sailors—who for the most part remain anonymous. When one of these millions of official servants steps out of the usual routine and performs extraordinary service and becomes a hero, the public demands his name. Not that it matters; the deed is the important thing, but henceforth the name and the deed are associated. Otherwise the anonymity of the hero's service is preserved.

Some years ago Dr. Nehemiah Boynton made an interesting address in which he emphasized the debt we owed to the anonymous in all walks of life. Unofficial service is but slightly less anonymous in character than that of persons in uniform. We live in an interdependent world, yet we know but a handful of people out of countless millions. Life is sailed on an anonymous sea, and it is only once in a while that we speak a friendly ship. "What's in a name?" might be rendered "Why a name?" A rose without any name at all would delight us still.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Rocks That Bend

There are rocks that will actually bend if placed in certain positions.

Some sandstones will bend like pieces of India rubber. If a moderately thin piece of sandstone is supported only at its two ends, it will sag in the middle; while if a piece is supported in the middle the two ends will drop.

Flexible rock is found in India, and also, in America, more especially in Brazil. It contains a proportion of mica, which is largely used for making lamp chimneys on account of its flexibility.

The presence of mica does not, however, account for the bending quality of the rock, which is due to the fact that the particles of quartz of which it is composed are interlocked together like hinges, with spaces in between the particles, in such a manner that though the rock will give to a certain extent it will not break.

The Snail and the Screw

It is no doubt true that nearly all human inventions have been suggested by natural objects. From out of the French school of mines points out an interesting example in the case of the screw, the fundamental idea of which, he believes, was suggested to primitive man by the spiral shape of the edible snail.

It was not the shape of the shell that suggested the screw, but the spiral motion, which it is necessary to give to the body of the snail in order to withdraw it from the shell. This at once showed that an object of a screw shape embedded in a solid powerfully resisted attempts to withdraw it by a straight pull.

The hint was enough, and the screw became one of the earliest of man's inventions.

Not an Supreme Court Rola

Daniel Webster, one of the most active lawyers before the bar of the United States Supreme court, never signed the membership roll of the court.

Associate Justice John R. Clarke, a member of the Supreme court, never practiced before the Supreme court as a lawyer, and his name is not on the rolls as having been admitted to the bar of the court. The same is true of former Associate Justice David Davis, who, after the Hayes-Tilden contest for the presidency, left the Supreme court to serve as United States senator from Illinois. But as Senator Davis he appeared several times before the Supreme court.

Sorrow of the Sultan

Six months ago an oriental potentate of note dismissed a dozen of his wives on the ground of economy. Now the cables tell us he's changed his mind, foodstuffs and dress goods having declined, but it's too late.

Seven of his wives have gone on the movie stage and the other five are working as models in New York.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

No Tubs There?

"I see by the paper that Sheffield, forty miles from the nearest seaport, has asked the British government to build a waterway to the ocean," said the man in the country store.

"What's the matter?" came from Hiram, on the cracker barrel. "Hain't they got no bath-tubs over in Sheffield, for gracious sake?"

His Father Probably a Walter

"Do you remember the parable of the man who wrapped his money in a napkin?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the tow-headed boy.

"What was the meaning of that?"

"Why, I guess the man intended the money as a tip for the waiter, ma'am."

Time Brings Changes.

Patience—Why, Harry even carries my picture in his watch.

Patience—Probably has an idea he can love you in time.

AND CUPID FLED, SHRIEKING

Truly, as Many Have Averred, Romance Today Has Fallen From Its Once High Estate.

They were young and it was evening, and the moon was shining. And they were young.

He was facing her, silhouetted against the silvery light of the moon. Every line of his stalwart, manly figure stood plainly outlined before her. He looked into her lovely dark eyes. Their liquid depths fascinated him, entranced him.

He leaned forward.

"Darling, I love you!" he breathed passionately into her ear.

She gazed at him, passively.

"You are beautiful, wonderful, lovely!" he cried, as the moonlight illuminated her classic features.

Her glance rested upon him as he stood out clearly in the pale light.

"Will you marry me, be my wife?" he asked, with breath and eyes shining. Hidden fires glowed in their burning depths.

And still her gaze was upon him.

He leaned forward a little further, waiting for her answer, eagerly, fearfully.

"Will you marry me, precious one?" he asked again, his burning glance upon her scarlet eyes.

She opened her mouth to speak. Pearly teeth gleamed in the silvery light.

"Ah! You are going to say 'yes,'" he muttered, passionately, taking hold of her tiny, lily-like hands. "You are going to say something."

He leaned closer, his head outlined clearly against the pale moonlight.

"I was going to say, why don't you wear a rubber band around your head, to train your ears not to stick out?"

(The end of a perfect evening.)—Detroit Free Press.

GREAT ACTRESS KISSED POET

Sarah Bernhardt Made Her Meeting With Longfellow an Event to Be Remembered.

When Sarah Bernhardt came to America in the seventies sculpture was her "side line." As soon as she arrived in Boston she expressed a desire to do the bust of Longfellow, says the Christian Science Monitor. Longfellow, however, though not insensible of the honor, declined. He said that he was about to leave for Portland, Me., and feared that Mrs. Bernhardt would have departed before his return. Then, to mitigate the curtness of his refusal, he asked the tragedienne to his home, inviting William Dean Howells and Oliver Wendell Holmes to meet her.

"They became very amiable toward one another, and Longfellow, who spoke excellent French, praised Mrs. Bernhardt's performance of 'Phedre,' telling her she surpassed the great Rachel, whom he had seen 50 years earlier. The actress, not to be outdone, told the poet how much she enjoyed reading 'Hawthorne,' which she pronounced 'fine-a-vanture.'"

Evidently the affair of the sculptured bust did not rattle, for on her departure, as the poet and his other guests were escorting her to her carriage, she turned about suddenly, impulsively threw her arms about Longfellow's neck and, kissed him on the cheek, said: "Vous êtes adorable."

Kidnap Chinese From Legation

Kang Shih-to, formerly treasurer of the Anti Club, who since the recent downfall of that alleged pro-Japanese organization has been in hiding in the Russian legation and for whose arrest a reward of \$10,000 was offered by the Chinese government, has just been the victim of a coup on the part of Chinese servants employed in the legation, according to a dispatch from Peking, China. They entered Kang's bedroom in the early hours of the morning, bound him, wrapped him in a bed quilt and hoisted him over the legation wall. Accomplished delivered him into the hands of the squad ofgendarmes, which had been waiting for weeks for an opportunity to capture him and other refugees supposed to have hidden in foreign legations.

Woman's Latest Venture

An engineering factory, organized, controlled, and managed by women, who also execute the orders at the lathe and in the foundry—that is the latest enterprise of the "weaker sex." It is one which deserves every success.

At the head of the firm, called Atlanta, Ltd., is Lady Parsons, the wife of the famous engineer and inventor of the steam turbine. The factory was started in the Midlands by 20 women ex-war workers. Good orders have already been secured, and Lady Parsons is convinced that these pioneer women engineers will be successful.

"There is nothing," she says, "that a woman cannot do when she tries."—London Times.

How Lightning Kills

Numbers of cases of death by lightning have failed to reveal any direct effect of the passage of an electric current through the human body. The evidence indicates that death was caused entirely by shock. The result is psychological rather than physical, the shock inducing heart failure or other organic disturbances.

Sometimes strokes have been fatal to a mother although the child in her arms was unharmed. Persons under the influence of a drug or intoxicated seem to escape. This seems to indicate that the psychological element is an important consideration.—Popular Science Monthly.

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Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

EASY TO GET FINGER PRINTS

Most Parents Will Agree That Baby Will Be Glad to Co-operate in the Matter.

A campaign is now under way to require the finger-prints of all babies, records to be preserved for identification purposes in any misfortune which may come to them throughout their lives.

Fathers interviewed said the plan would check an enormous waste of effort. Babies have been finger-printing themselves ever since the human race first crossed the starting line, but the records never have been preserved.

Parents generally approved the idea and suggest also the recording and preservation of finger-prints on the following subjects:

1. Papa's linen collar.
2. Daddy's shirt bosom.
3. The leaves of the Harvard classics or the Century dictionary. These volumes, and the like, always show the most eagerly sought-after by a 2-year old on a lark in the library.
4. The suit of the Old-Gentleman-Who-Sits-In-the-Seat-Just-Ahead-of-baby on the train.
5. Any white woodwork or window sills.

Parents in registering the prints should proceed in the following manner:

1. Get one jar of raspberry jam.
2. Get baby. (Possibly this should be done first.)
3. Allow an interval of fifteen seconds to elapse.
4. If the print is to be taken on a collar the father should sit on the floor, back to the baby, and repeat softly "Come spookum-cookums" until the kid grabs the idea. Not more than fifty finger prints should be taken on any one collar.
5. Set collar in a cool place to dry.
6. Attach the infant's name and picture on the inside of the collar.
7. File the collar away in a card index.

If a parent prefers to register the prints on a shirt bosom all he needs to do is to take the child on his lap and say severely, "Don't touch papsy's shirt! Naughty man will eat you if you do." Inside of five seconds it will be possible to file the shirt, although a larger card index cabinet is needed if prints are taken this way.

In taking the prints on book leaves no preliminary preparation is necessary beyond cautioning the child never to go into the library or touch a book.—Kansas City Star.

"Getting" the Professor. He was an exceptional athlete in his college days. Now he teaches in college, but that doesn't detract from his popularity. Even his students like him. Nevertheless, they were always on the lookout, hoping that some day something would happen to place him in a position at least embarrassing. And the time did come. A girl came to borrow a textbook and he gladly lent it to her. She said she would return it the next day before class. She did. During the lecture, he had recourse to it. While turning the leaves, a powder puff fell to the floor. There was an agonized silence. He looked on the floor to see what had fallen, and when he saw the puff he tried wildly to think of something to say. His mind was blank, so he began his next sentence. "Well, despite that—whereat there was pandemonium.—Indianapolis News.

Women Live Underground. Mrs. J. R. Forbes, the well-known woman traveler, who lately returned to England after wandering for several months from Moscow to Syria, tells a story of her discovery of a tribe of women who live underground. They are to be found in the caves of the Tripoli mountains and come up, says Mrs. Forbes, only once in the course of their lives. That is when they marry and change their abode for that of their husband. Belong continually in their underground caves a remarkable change takes place in their appearance. They become very white in the face, and their eyes become dark and brilliant. As they grow older they are seized with a passion for dyeing their hair with henna. In the daylight these women are almost blind; in fact they stagger about as though under the influence of drink. Their houses are spacious enough for them to keep all their live stock underground, including their camels.

Advancement in India. A training school for Y. W. O. A. secretaries, the first of its kind in the country, was opened in India, November 1, directed by a secretary from the United States. Eight young Indian women, the same number as started in the first class of the training school in the United States in 1904, are in the first class, studying administration of association activities, club work with girls and organization of girl students. There are 47 Y. W. O. A. workers in India at present and 131 centers of work.

Dod March's Girl

By KATE EDMONDS

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The doctor from over-the-mountain stood on the door-stone at Dod March's cabin and looked Jane March straight in the eyes.

"Your father's leg's pretty bad, Jane," he said kindly.

"You mean—he'll lose it?" demanded Jane in her direct way.

"He might. Needs care—better send him to Dr. Frames' place at Wawiput."

"How? He can't be moved."

"I'll fix that—we can get him over quite easily. The doctor has everything to make it easy. Your father will be all right by Christmas."

Jane nodded slowly. At last she spoke and tears were near her brave, brown eyes. "We haven't much money, doctor," she confessed, "and dad, being sick, will miss all the fall work—you know the best guide on the mountains."

"I know it, Jane. It's a pity that bear clawed him."

"If I had been along—it wouldn't have happened. I wonder how I could earn some money, doctor?" she said anxiously.

The doctor thought rapidly. "Been with your father much? Know woods? Can you shoot?"

"He says I'm as good as he is, but of course I'm not. A girl couldn't be," she answered modestly. "Is there something I can do? she asked with hope in her eyes.

"After your father goes to Dr. Frames I'll send Old Red Squirrel's squaw over here—you know Molly Basket? She's the best chaperon in seven counties—won't even let the stars blink at you! My idea is this, Jane March—just take your father's place. When his customers come—most of them are old codgers from the city, fat bankers and brokers who want a bit of hunting and a taste of camp life—you can guide 'em and Molly Basket can cook, and you can make believe your father is in the cabin if you want to."

"Doctor, how splendid!" cried Jane, and ran in to tell the plan to Dod March, who listened at first with horror, then dismay and at last with resignation, for the leg was bothersome and old Molly Basket was a regular old she-bear to fight.

"I've only made two engagements," he said wearily, "but both of them are for six weeks each—Major Babb—he always comes, you know, and James Armstrong—they're old fellows and won't try to make love to you, Jane!"

Jane March felt quite excited the day she expected Major Babb, but the elderly sportsman was so intent upon shooting a big buck and one bear that he didn't care much who guided him to the right spot. "Just one big black bear, my dear," he said to Jane, with hardly a glance at her trim form in its hunting rig.

"I must find a bear for you," laughed Jane, as she left the major to Molly Basket's delicious camp cooking. She sang like a lark as she climbed the trail. It was so wonderful to be able to do this for her father. She had written him a long letter describing the major's arrival and forwarding the batch of newspapers and box of cigars the city man had brought for the old guide. Now she went back to the camp with shining eyes.

"Major Babb," she said, "your bear lives up by the camp of honey-lovers—you remember where the black rocks are? He has a trail to the west."

"Good—good," purred the major, rubbing his fat hands.

The next day they found the bear and the major shot him with his customary skill, and Molly Basket went hot-foot over the mountains to fetch her son, Little Squirrel, to take care of the dead monster.

Then the major got his buck, and after several days of idleness, he departed for home again, leaving the Marches much richer than when he came. To Jane he gave a crisp hundred-dollar bill. "For the best guide I ever had," he chuckled as he wrote out the customary check.

Jane took a week off and went to see her father and told him all about the major's stay. "Mr. Armstrong will come next week—and when he goes it will be time for you to come home."

"Doctor suggests that I stay here until after Christmas—you might come, too, Jane, and get some more schooling and buy some clothes," smiled the old man.

"That's fine, father," she agreed, and went back to the camp glowing with anticipation of the winter months, often so lonely to the mountain girl, although she had been away to school. The next week Mr. Armstrong appeared and with him a big, strapping young man, who stared with open surprise when Jane explained the situation.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Armstrong," she faltered; "you see, father was badly injured and we had to have money—I really can look out for you."

Mr. Armstrong's eyes twinkled. "Go ahead, Miss Jane," he said, heartily. "You've got grit. I brought my nephew along—Ray Armstrong—learning to be a forester."

Young Armstrong shook hands with Jane and then they all sat down to midday dinner. Jane believed in feeding her people well, and with her own hands she had baked an apple pie that brought forth lavish praise from the hunters. "Your father couldn't do that, I'll warrant," chuckled the elder Armstrong, as he accepted a second piece of pie.

"You shall not take all of dad's medals away from him," Mr. Armstrong protested. "I am only a poor imitation of him—but I can cer-

tainly make good pie," she added confidently.

They all laughed as Molly Basket came to clear away the meal. The next day they were going to start out, but that evening, the men unpacked their bags and prepared their guns.

In the evening Jane sat beside the campfire and knitted while Ray Armstrong explained his work to her. In the intervals Mr. Armstrong played with the phonograph until he fell asleep.

At the end of six weeks there was a light snow on the ground and the Armstrongs were preparing to leave. The elder Armstrong had gone over the mountain to visit Jane's father, and the girl had one last train with Ray before he departed. Molly Basket was cooking and had promised them a wild pigeon pie for dinner.

"Time slips away so fast in the morning," sighed Jane as they reached the vicinity of the black rocks where the honey locusts grew.

Ray looked at her adoringly. He was careful that she never surprised his glances, for he was very tender of his "girl o' the woods" as he called her in secret. He looked away quickly, interested at the terror exhibited by a gray squirrel in a tree near by. At the same instant he felt a hot breath upon his neck and a heavy paw clutched his shoulder.

"Do not move," rang Jane's clear voice. The claws dug deeper, a shot rang out, there was a snarl of pain and then a muffled roar as a bear and man went down together. Ray extricated himself from the dying struggles of the bear and Jane ended the bear's life with another shot. Then she turned to Ray, whose shoulder was bleeding. "Let me dress the wound," she commanded, and he sat down on a rock and bared his shoulder.

There was an emergency kit strapped about her waist, and from this she produced the necessary relief. Neither spoke a word more than was necessary, but the girl was near to tears and young Armstrong was quite white.

At camp Molly Basket produced a browned pigeon pie, but there was little appetite for its loathsomeness. Then Ray rose to go and Jane walked a little way down the mountain with him.

"I can see you a long way from here—it is Lone Rock," she smiled wistfully. "I hope your arm will be all right now."

He turned and caught her hand in his. "Jane—my girl o' the woods—you saved my life," he said.

"I'm glad," she said gravely. "Then—it is yours for the asking," he bent before her timidly—"I love you, dear."

Jane said nothing—but words are often superfluous. There was no one to see their parting save a chickadee, who didn't tell a soul about it.

SALARY OF U. S. SENATOR

Lawmakers Receive \$7,500 Plus Traveling Expenses—Must Be Citizens for Nine Years.

A member of the United States senate must have been a citizen of the United States for at least nine years prior to his election, must be a citizen of the state he represents and must be thirty years old. His salary is \$7,500 a year, plus certain traveling expenses. A member of the United States house of representatives must have been a citizen of the United States seven years prior to his election, must be twenty-five years old and a resident of the state which he represents. His salary is the same as the senator's. In most of the general assemblies the qualifications for membership, in the words of the law, are: "No person shall be a senator or representative, who, at the time of his election, is not a citizen of the United States, nor anyone who has not been for two years next preceding his election, an inhabitant of this state, and for one year next preceding his election, an inhabitant of the county or district whence he may be chosen. Senators shall be at least twenty-five and representatives at least twenty-one years of age." The salary of senators and representatives is \$8 a day while the assembly is in session, with certain allowances for traveling expenses.—Indianapolis News.

Much Wood in Sport

About twenty-five million feet of wood of 32 kinds are consumed yearly in this country by manufacturers of appliances and apparatus for games and sports, says the American Forestry Magazine of Washington. Several industries require much more wood than this one and produce articles which, in the aggregate, sell for more money, but not one of all of them, with the possible exception of toys, affords as much enjoyment. In one direction, this industry surpasses toys as a producer of happiness; for toys concern children almost exclusively, while this concerns old, young and middle aged in the same way. Games are for the elderly as well as for youthful.

A Disciplinarian

"Would you send your boy to a school where they permitted hazing?" "I would," replied Farmer Cornsossel. "Josh is that bumptious an' self-willed I think mebbe the hazin' 'nd he the most important part of his education."

Origin of the "Castanets"

In the "castanets" we have a survival of the "crotala" of the Romans. Generally made either of ebony, boxwood or metal, they differ little in shape from those of classical times, and are an essential complement to the national music of Spain. The Andalusians are the most expert in the manipulation of this instrument, expertness with which is only attained at the expense of much practice. It may be said that they are indispensable for the accompaniment of popular dances such as the Jota, Malagueña and Seguidilla, marking with insistent emphasis the characteristic rhythms of each.

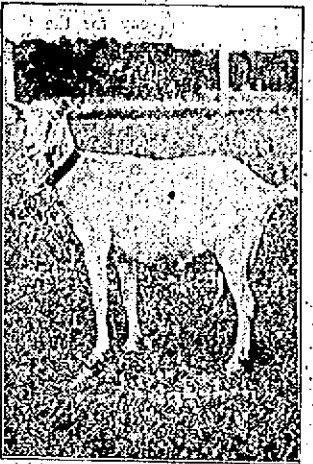
MILK GOATS ARE GOOD PRODUCERS

Particularly Well-Suited for Limited Space Where Cows Cannot Be Maintained.

WHOLESOME FOOD FOR CHILD

For General Use, for Drinking, Cooking, Etc., Milk Has Proved Quite Satisfactory—Does Need Sufficient Feeds.

In Europe the goat is often spoken of as "the poor man's cow." With us in America the animal has been considered more as an unfailing source of reliable milk as a milk producer of great value. The goat is naturally adapted for the use of those families who find it impossible to keep a cow because of limited space or an insufficient supply of food for the larger animals. There are many suburban households and a few farms in this country where milk goats could be kept at a profit. One animal of



One Good Milk Goat Will Supply an Average Family.

good milking qualities will supply an average family with a fine quality milk for the greater part of the year.

How Much Milk? About the first question that prospective goat buyers ask is "how much milk will a goat give?" A doe with an average production of two quarts a day for seven or eight months is considered a good animal. Three quarts is thought to indicate an excellent animal. Reliable authorities say that a good goat will yield ten times her body weight of milk annually. The lactation period covers from seven to ten months. The milk has a special value as food for infants and invalids. If a family keeps a milk goat, it can be well assured of a supply of clean, wholesome food, since it is then possible to control the sanitation of the dairy by personal attention.

The esteem in which the milk is held by those who have used it is indicated by the fact that it often sells at 50 cents a quart. Goat's milk can be utilized in all ways that cow's milk can, although for some it is not so well suited. For general use, for drinking, cooking and in tea and coffee the milk has proved very satisfactory. It is not so good, however, as a butter-making material. Good butter can be made from goat's milk, but the operation presents some difficulty due to the fact that the cream rises very slowly. Cheese made from goat's milk is very popular.

Most of the feeds that are valuable for the production of milk by dairy cows are also suitable for goats. The advantage for the suburban family in that a smaller quantity of food is required by a milk goat than by a cow. It is ordinarily considered that from six to eight does can be kept on the feed required for one cow. When does are in milk they should be allowed all the roughage that they can consume, such as alfalfa, clover, or mixed hay, and corn stover. They should also receive a liberal quantity of succulent feed—silage, carrots, parsnips, and turnips answer this purpose. Corn, oats, bran, barley, linseed oil meal, or oil cake are the grain feeds best suited for a milk goat ration. A ration that has been used and approved by the United States Department of Agriculture for the goat's milking season consisted of two pounds of alfalfa or clover hay, one and a half pounds of silage or turnips, and from one to two pounds of grain. The grain ration is made up of a mixture of 100 pounds of corn, 100 pounds of oats, 50 pounds of bran and ten pounds of linseed oil meal.

Care in Feeding. Care should always be taken to see that the food is clean and of good quality. Silage, turnips and similar feeds that have a strong odor or flavor should be fed after milking, and all unclean food should be removed from the trough. A good supply of fresh water is necessary, and rock salt should be kept where the animals can reach it whenever they wish.

In purchasing milk goats it is much more satisfactory to observe the does during their lactation period. This gives the buyer an opportunity to study their conformation when they are producing, and the udder development, which is very important, can be better considered. Generally speaking, the marks and conformation which distinguish a good dairy cow should appear in a good doe.

Queer Time-Telling Methods

The hill people of Assam reckon time and distance by the number of golds of betelnuts chewed. According to Washington Irving, the Dutch colonial assembly was invariably dismissed at the last puff of the third pipe of tobacco of Governor Wouter Van Twiller.

MAKING CANVASS TO OBTAIN CITY TRADE

District of Good Incomes Offers Splendid Field.

Success Depends in Large Measure on Personality of Person Soliciting—Good Understanding Is Usually Effected.

Producers sometimes obtain customers by making a personal canvass among city dwellers, say marketing specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. The neighborhood selected should be one which is not well supplied with markets or grocery stores handling farm produce. A suburban district of homes with good incomes offers a good field in which to solicit trade. Success in making a personal canvass depends in a large measure on the personality of the person making the canvass. He should be neatly dressed, should state his business clearly and concisely, showing the prospective customer why direct marketing would be advantageous and, if possible, he should have samples of the produce that can be furnished. As this method of obtaining customers permits the consumer to see and talk with the producer, a better understanding is usually effected than if they had never seen each other.

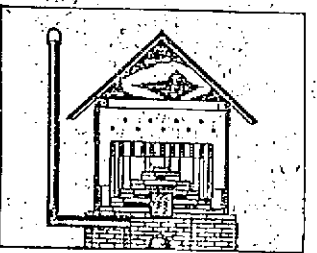
A man living a few miles from Baltimore, who raised poultry, found it impracticable to market his poultry products personally and was not satisfied with the price he could obtain locally. He made a personal canvass of a few homes in a desirable location in Baltimore and obtained four customers to whom he began sending eggs by parcel post. Within a few weeks they had recommended the producer to a sufficient number of customers to purchase all the eggs and poultry the producer could supply. Customers were retained by supplying good quality products and by strict attention to business relations.

BROODER FOR YOUNG CHICKS

Adapted Especially for Outdoor Use or Independently of House for Older Fowls.

The Scientific American in illustrating and describing a chicken brooder, the invention of R. H. Murray of Milford, Texas, says:

This invention relates to poultry raising, and has particular reference to the care of young chicks. Among the objects is to provide a brooder adapted especially for outdoor use or



Transverse Section of the Device.

Independently of a poultry house. The device comprises a hollow pyramidal chick support with a source of light within the base, depending fabric strips, a ceiling of open mesh material, and a suitable roof, the products of combustion being conveyed outward through a flue.

STEERS FATTEN ON SILAGE

Remarkable Gains, Considering Nature of Feed, Made at North Dakota Station.

Steers can be fattened profitably on corn silage alone according to a series of tests conducted at the South Dakota experiment station. The steers didn't get off their feed nor were there any bad results in feeding silage as the sole ration. At the close of the tests each year the cattle were shipped to the Chicago market, sold as killers, and brought within a few cents of the market top.

"The gains have been remarkable considering the nature of the feed," said Director Wilson. "In many cases the gains have been larger than cattle of the same age have made on pasture. Hundreds of cattle are wintered on a half starvation ration when if they were fed corn silage from the time they were taken off of grass in the fall they could have been sold late next spring when cattle are usually high in price."

EASY TO FATTEN BABY BEEF

Good Breeding and Quality Are Chief Requisites for Most Profitable Results.

It requires no more skill or attention to fatten baby beefs than it does mature cattle, but good breeding and quality are necessary if the greatest returns are to be expected from the production of baby beefs.

PLACE PREMIUM ON QUALITY

Everybody Wants the Best if They Can Afford It—Quantity Not Always Desired.

The premium is on the best—on quality, not quantity—not the second best. Everybody wants the best if they can afford it. If people take the second best it is not because they prefer it.

Knew She Loved Money

From a Story—She presented her check to him to be kissed.—Boston Transcript.

Children Ory FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

TO FACE THE WINTRY WINDS



Chic urban, a tulleur of blue velveteen with collar and huge cuffs of opossum, set off with smart strapped walking shoes with reasonable heels, comprise this shopping outfit.

Lines of the Winter Mode

Same General Style Is Found in the Frocks of Majority of the Couturiers.

Once again one may speak of the lines of the mode, since fashionable designers have decided to agree upon one particular style, writes a fashion correspondent in the Milwaukee Sentinel. Indeed, the close harmony between the different large dressmaking houses is one of the most striking features of the winter season. Last year at this time it was almost impossible to get a clear idea of the new fashions. Each designer went his own way, and a woman apparently could dress according to her type without worrying about the rest.

Now all this is reversed, and the same general lines are found in the frocks of all the couturiers. A black velvet afternoon dress from Worth will serve as a good example of the new trend of fashion.

The waistline of this frock is long and simple, and the narrow underskirt is a good deal longer than those of last year. Three rather broad panels fringed with monkey fur almost sweep the ground; especially behind, where they are slightly longer. The skirt is almost covered by these panels, which when they are lifted gracefully in walking, leave the happy way of getting the eyes accustomed to the longer skirts.

The very high collar, so high that it entirely covers the chin, is another characteristic of the winter's models. There are no whalebones in evidence, however. The collars are held in place simply by their cut, being rather tight and very high.

The sleeves of the aforementioned frock are also typical. They are very long, so long that they form folds and are pushed back by the hands, over which they fall, thus making them appear smaller and whiter.

One French designer does not wish to lose the opportunity of contrasting the white skin of madame with the black velvet, so he cuts a slit in the front of the bodice, which gives a lighter appearance to the whole dress. Smart frocks from all the fashionable houses make good use of these gashes or openings. Sometimes the slashes are found in the collars, sometimes on the shoulders and sometimes on the long tight sleeves.

CAPE, COAT FOR RIDING HABIT

Garment Circular in Shape and on Military Lines, but Without Military Collar.

New knee-length capes to wear over riding habits are in large black-and-white checked woolsens, lined with black taffeta. These are circular in shape and on military lines, but without the military collar. This type of collar, which formerly was used, has been discarded, because it has a tendency to brush the collar on the riding habit. Now capes and coats to wear over riding suits have soft, crushed collars.

For an extra topcoat those made of steamer rugs are extremely practical and smart. They may be of the bright colored tweed or vicuna rugs, in plain colors or plaids. Such coats are straight in cut and about knee length and may be drawn in with a leather belt or allowed to hang free. The sleeves are perfectly straight in cut and folded back to a depth of about two inches to form the cuff, as the strap and right sides of the material are the same.

Not Apprehensive

"Aren't you afraid America will become isolated?" "Not if us farmers keep raising things the world needs," answered Farmer Cornsossel. "The feller that rings the dinner bell never runs much risk of being lonesome."

Historical and General Col. Notes and Queries

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1921

QUERIES

10522. LAWTON—Can anyone give me the parentage of Adam Lawton (with authorities) who married Martha Slocum, Oct. 20, 1729. They had a daughter Ruth, born 1731, who married Nov. 8, 1762, Peter Barker. Adam Lawton was sometimes spoken of as Adam, Lawton, Jr. Is it possible that he was the son of Adam (3), of Daniel (2), of Thomas (1)—H. C. O'B.

10523. BLISS—What are the birth dates of Henry, Josiah, George and Mercy Bliss, sons and daughter of John Bliss and Damaris Arnold. They were married Jan. 24, 1666.—R. B. K.

10524. BROWNELL—What is the birthdate of Ann Brownell Wilbur, wife of Joseph Wilbur. She was the daughter of Thomas and Ann Brownell. She died April 2, 1747.—L. B.

NOTES

A British Navy Yard Contemplated in Newport, Rhode Island, in 1764

The following letter, not signed, but supposed to have been written by Robert Melville, Esq., who was appointed by the British Government Oct. 8, 1763, "His Majesty's Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over His Majesty's Island of Grenada," etc., etc., is of interest, as it shows why the celebrated "Blackwell" Map of Newport was made, besides giving many other particulars worthy of record.

It is known that a very minute survey of the bay and islands was made by British engineers in 1778-4, with a view to the establishment of a very extensive naval station, with dry docks, ship yards, hospitals, fortifications, etc., which was suspended at the commencement of the Revolution.

"Newport, in this Colony of Rhode Island, etc. J-16, A. D. 1760—(supposed 4 or 5). My Lord,

I have arrived here after a passage of sixty days from the Land's End, and from that time to the present, a period of two months, I have been constantly engaged in obtaining the surveys and drafts of this harbor and Narragansett Bay and the positions for docks, ship yards, hospitals, etc., and also the points of defence by forts and batteries, against the attack of an enemy, in conformity to your Lordship's directions, and in furtherance of His Majesty's views, very explicitly noted in my instructions by desire of the Board of Admiralty. Herewith is transmitted copies of all the surveys and drafts which are completed; Others will be completed and forwarded by Mr. Charles Blackwell to your Lordship, after my departure for His Majesty's lately acquired possessions in the West Indies, which will be from Boston in about ten days. Mr. Blackwell, though young, is an able surveyor, and in that capacity I beg leave to recommend him to your Lordship's particular favor.

When His Majesty honoured me with the appointment of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Grenada, I had no idea of visiting this continent on my way thither, much less of having this important duty assigned me, which indeed was not decided until within a few days of departure, or I should have been better provided with the necessary instruments for the accurate accomplishment of the object committed to my charge—they could not be obtained here without creating a delay, which the observance of my instructions would not admit of. The surveys and drafts, though not perfect, are sufficiently so to give a general view of the subject preparatory to a more minute survey, which will be necessary, should His Majesty's government determine to carry the object contemplated into effect.

The large map of this Island and Bay with accurate surroundings as far as it is navigable for ships of war of the second class will designate to your Lordship the locality of the different positions for the contemplated works, which are separately and particularly described in the papers marked from No. 1 to 42.—In these your Lordship will have before you the several excellent sites for docks, ship yards, etc., within the waters of Narragansett Bay; and also the position of the several islands in the Bay, which are admirably situated for marine hospitals as well as for the security of the men against desertion—and also for works of defence.

On the map of Rhode Island, drawn from actual surveys, all the roads are laid down and seats of the principal farmers designated, a list of whose names are annexed; and also a correct plan of the town of Newport. The roads on the island are bordered with a variety of ornamental trees; nearly every farm has its orchard of engrafted fruit of every description suited to the climate. The whole island is of an excellent soil, and under the highest state of cultivation. In the vicinity of the town are several fine gardens belonging to gentlemen of fortune and taste; having their fish ponds of perch, trout, etc., and their greenhouses and hot-houses producing the fruits and plants of every climate.

The extent of the harbor and its advantages. The whole bay is an excellent man-of-war harbour—affording good anchorage, sheltered in every direction, and spacious enough for the whole of His Majesty's navy, were it increased fourfold. There are no dangerous ledges or shoals within the Bay, or near its entrance, which is easy with all winds. Another advantage it possesses over any other harbor on the northern coast in the winter season is that it is very seldom obstructed by ice, and the tide is not sufficiently strong to render the drift ice dangerous to ships laying at anchor. The harbor has not been frozen up so as to prevent ships coming in to safe anchorage since the year 1740, and the oldest inhabitants do not recollect to have heard that it was ever so frozen up before since the settlement of the Colony; it has other advantages which cannot be

found elsewhere in America. A whole fleet may go out under way, and sail from three to five leagues on a tack; get the trim of the ships and exercise the men within the bay, secure from attack by an enemy. The vicinity of the ocean is such that in one hour a fleet may be from anchorage to sea, or from the sea to safe anchorage in one of the best natural harbours the world affords. Its central situation, also, in His Majesty's North American Colonies, and its proximity to the West Indies; are advantages worthy of consideration, as it regards the protection of every part of His Majesty's widely extended possessions in this quarter.

Whether it is feasible of defence is a question which your Lordship very justly considers of the highest importance, and to which my particular attention is directed and my opinion required.

(To be continued.)

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Newport Mercury, Feb. 3, 1821

An article on Abraham Redwood in this issue, taken from the Boston Centennial, says: "It was the Redwood Library that rendered reading fashionable throughout the little community of Rhode Island. It diffused a knowledge of general, and particular history, geography and civics. It sowed the seeds of the sciences and rendered the inhabitants of Newport a better read people than any other town in the British Colonies. In the department of physics, it behooves us to record that the first public lectures ever given in North America on anatomy, physiology and surgery were given in the Court House at Newport, by Dr. William Hunter, father of the gentleman of the same name now in the United States Senate."

A bill for the relief of the family of the late Oliver Hazard Perry and to provide for the education of his children passed the National House of Representatives January 24.

At a town meeting held in Portsmouth Wednesday, Philip Anthony was unanimously elected Town Clerk in place of Abraham Anthony, deceased.

Died in New York, on Monday last, Mr. Henry Collins Southwick, printer, son of the late Solomon Southwick of this town. [Solomon Southwick was for many years publisher of the Newport Mercury, where the son Henry learned the trade of printer.]

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Newport Mercury Feb. 4, 1871

Monday evening there was a meeting of the citizens of Newport to take the subject matter of widening Thames street into consideration. Committee reported estimated cost \$105,160.00 and a committee was appointed to take the necessary steps to have it done at as early a date as possible.

In the General Assembly the question of amending the Constitution of the State was under consideration.

A Soldiers' Bounty bill was passed by Congress, by which every soldier, seaman, marine and officer of the Army and Navy, who served in the recent Rebellion, may receive a title to one hundred and sixty acres of land.

"The firm of Clark and Tilley is about to be dissolved, and the business at the old stand will hereafter be conducted by Mr. Risbrough H. Tilley, son of the original proprietor, Mr. William P. Clarke, the senior of the firm has leased the store recently occupied by Mr. Burlingham, and will continue the business. They both are exemplary young men and we wish them success."

Mr. Joseph B. Weaver, 24, has leased the Everett House, New York. Mr. Thomas Gould died in Portsmouth Saturday morning and was buried on Monday. The funeral was largely attended by the "Masons" of this city and Portsmouth. Mr. Gould had long been the leading citizen of the town.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Newport Mercury, February 8, 1896

February 7th, Dr. Annie News, for twenty years a practicing physician in Newport, died from overwork in her profession. She was the first woman doctor in Newport.

The United States Government this week called for a loan of one hundred millions and it was oversubscribed six times. Interest 3%. This was President Cleveland's fourth loan.

Mr. Horatio D. Woods of this city has been granted a patent for a non-fillable bottle (whatever that may be.)

Feb. 5. Miss Nettie Titus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Titus married to John O. Rogers, son of Col. and Mrs. John Rogers.

Feb. 7. Esther Lodge, No. 5, Daughters of Rebecca, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary. Allen C. Griffith delivered an historical address.

Twenty-fifth anniversary of Knights of Pythias held February 2nd. Occasion observed by celebration in Providence.

Jan. 30. General Assembly passed the January appropriation bill amounting to \$1,000,220, and was ready to adjourn for the session. The Assembly had then been in session twenty-five days. Now it requires sixty days to do the business.

Annual meeting of the Newport Street Railway Company, Monday. A. C. Titus elected President, Francis Burdick, Secretary and Treasurer.

Annual Meeting Department R. I. G. A. R. held in Pawtucket Tuesday. Membership to date 2889. Present from Newport Col. A. K. McMahon, Henry Bacheller, William H. Bailey, E. H. Tilley, William Smith, C. H. Clarke, John Y. Hudson, John E. Lake, Zaccheus Chase, Timothy Sullivan, William O. Milne, Henry D. Scott and Jere L. Greene.

The vacancy in the staff of the Newport County Farm Bureau, caused by the resignation of Miss Murray, County demonstrator, has been filled by the appointment of Miss Harrison, who has had a number of years' experience in similar work in Canada.

Considerable ice has been harvested this week on the local ponds.

THE GREAT NAVAL BASE

The Providence Journal, in an able editorial on Thursday, strongly endorses Admiral Sims' plan of making Narragansett Bay the one base of naval activities and the bringing of all other naval stations to this locality. It shows how easily this bay could be made impregnable to all hostile navies of the world. It further says:

On the other hand, if we fail to take advantage of this extraordinary situation, what is the alternative? We leave exposed the Achilles' heel of America. It requires but a glance at the map and a few moments' reflection to see that Narragansett Bay is the natural base of an invading army. It opens a corridor into the heart of New England. The invader might strike through Springfield towards Albany and cut the country in two, tie up vital communications and threaten either Boston or New York from the rear. The principal source of arms and supplies would lie at his mercy.

To avert this menace alone would justify the above outlined development of Narragansett Bay. When the plan offers in addition so many positive advantages there can be only one possible objection: expense.

But, according to the reported views of Admiral Sims, these benefits could be secured not only without expense but at a substantial profit. The sale of the plants at other bases would more than pay for the total installation at Narragansett Bay. Considering the future maintenance cost of several independent bases, the future economy would be considerable. It is seldom that such extraordinary benefits offer themselves in conjunction with an opportunity to economize.

This is indeed a chance for a test of the sincerity of those who profess sympathy for the taxpayer, and a rare opportunity for those who desire a stronger navy to secure it without laying down an extra keel.

FIRE IN NEW ENGLAND

We alluded last week to the unusual number of fires all over the country this winter. Here is a partial list for January in New England only:

Jan. 5. South Norwalk, Conn. \$150,000. Business block; cause unknown.
Jan. 6. Savin Rock, Conn. \$75,000. Restaurant; cause unknown.
Jan. 8. Newport. \$35,000. St. Mary's Church Rectory; cause unknown.
Jan. 9. Fall River. \$5000. Business building; overheated stove.
Jan. 13. Providence. \$5000. Bazaar's junk shop; incendiary.
Jan. 19. Fairfield, Conn. \$50,000. Ten summer cottages; cause unknown.
Jan. 19. Providence. \$30,000. Hovey Lumber Co.; gasoline tank explosion.
Jan. 19. Worcester. \$2,000,000. Fifteen business buildings; incendiary.
Jan. 19. Fall River. \$5000. Garage; incendiary.
Jan. 19. Springfield. \$800,000. Tobacco packing house; cause unknown.
Jan. 25. Ashburnham, Mass. \$30,000. Hotel; throwing pipes.
Jan. 25. New Haven. \$1,000,000. Business buildings; overheated furnace.
Jan. 28. Arctic. \$18,000. Business building; cause unknown.
Jan. 31. Providence. \$50,000. Washington Bowling Alleys; cause unknown.

LINCOLN DAY

The anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, February 12, which is also Grand Army Flag Day, will be observed in the public schools next Friday. The Rogers High School will have their exercises in the Colonial Theatre at 9.00 a. m., and the members of Lawton-Warren Post will attend and occupy seats on the platform. For the other schools the following details have been assigned by Commander William S. Bailey:

Callender, 2.30 o'clock—George B. Smith, William A. Jackson.
Calvert, 3 p. m.—William S. Bailey, Carey, 2 p. m.—Robert Cradle, John B. Sullivan.
John Clarke, 10.30 a. m.—William S. Bailey, George B. Smith, Frank P. Gomes.
Coddington, 2 p. m.—Edwin H. Tilley.
Coggeshall, 2.30 p. m.—Andrew K. McMahon, Edward T. Bosworth.
Cranton, 3 p. m.—William S. Slocom.
Lenthall, 2 p. m.—Jeremiah I. Greene, Theodore S. Hudson.
Mumford, 2 p. m.—Darius Baker, George B. Smith.
Potter, 3 p. m.—Joseph T. Ray, Robert Webster.
Thayer, 3.30 p. m.—Dr. A. F. Squire, Zaccheus Chase.

The General Assembly is transacting a little business each day; the various committees being at work on the measures that have been referred to them. The Senate has passed in concurrence the act enabling the City of Newport to issue bonds for the Bath Road improvement. The House has passed the act providing for a 3-cent tax for highway improvement, and it will undoubtedly pass the Senate, although there is some opposition to it from the cities.

The days have increased over one hour in length, the sun rising today at 6.55 and setting at 5.05. The latitudes are now of the same length as on October 15.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Antolae A. Silvia
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, R. I., Administrator of the estate of Antolae A. Silvia, late of said Middletown, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOS. J. LEWIS, Administrator.

Middletown, R. I. February 5, 1921.

2-5-21

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., Office, Newport, R. I., November 17th, A. D. 1920.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an execution, bearing date the 14th day of October, A. D. 1920, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Providence, on the 20th day of October, A. D. 1920, and returned to the said Court April 20th, A. D. 1921, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1920, in favor of Grace A. Wilbur, of Little Compton, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against Walter P. Ropes, alias John Doe, of the City and County of Providence, in said State and County, defendant, I have this day at 10 o'clock, past 1 o'clock a. m., levied the said execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Walter P. Ropes, alias John Doe, had and lawfully claims in and to the land on the 15th day of August, A. D. 1920, at 10 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said Town of Little Compton, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and County of Providence, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Three (3) certain tracts or parcels of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon situated in the Town of Little Compton, in said County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Parcel A
All of that farm or parcel of land situate in the town of Little Compton, in the County of Newport, Rhode Island, and bounded north by the said John H. Chard, partly on lands of Frederick H. Brownell, and lands of William S. Church, easterly on the Great Road, a part of lot of land of Frederick H. Brownell, southerly by lands of Frank Simmons, and partly by lands of Virginia Hall, known as "the Cyrus Peckham farm," and westerly by what is known as the Park River, containing about one hundred and eighty-six acres more or less, with the buildings and improvements thereon, together with the land on the south side of the Park River, the adjoining shore of land of the before-named Virginia Hall belonging to the granted premises, and the passage to and from the said premises to obtain the Sea Water, all of the rights of said farm in said shore, and also the following, described property:

Parcel B
A certain tract of land in the town of Little Compton, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, bounded and described as follows, viz:—formerly of Benjamin P. Wilbur, now deceased, easterly by land of John H. Pierce and wife, southerly by land formerly of Benjamin Wilbur, now deceased, and westerly by the Seacoast River, so-called, or however otherwise the said parcel of land may be bounded or described.

Parcel C
A certain tract or parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon situated in the town of Little Compton, County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Northerly on land now or late of Ropes, Ropes, formerly of Joseph H. Macomber, easterly on land formerly of Valentine Simmons and land formerly of John H. Burgess, southerly on the highway, formerly of said Burgess, and on land formerly of George W. Church, and westerly on said last named land and on the Seacoast River, containing fifty-nine (59) acres of land more or less, being the same estate conveyed to Isaac C. Wilbur by deed of Virginia Hall, recorded in Little Compton, Evidence Records in Book No. 16, pages 28 and 33, to which reference is hereby made for any further description of the premises and privities therein.

Being all the real estate in the town of Little Compton, R. I., devised in the will of Ropes, Ropes, of Brooklyn, N. Y., which said deceased, to the life interest of his wife, Elizabeth Ropes, which will was admitted to Registry in the Probate Court of the Town of Little Compton, R. I., in Probate Records Book No. 13, at pages 186 to 190, inclusive.

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 15th day of February, A. D. 1921, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees, and all contingent expenses if sufficient.

JAMES ANTHONY, Sheriff.

1-20

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Estate of Maria Gracia de Simas
THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of Middletown, R. I., Administrator of the estate of Maria Gracia de Simas, late of said Middletown, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

ALBERT J. CHASE, Administrator.

Middletown, R. I. January 22, 1921-14

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Jan. 3, 1921.

Estate of George H. Carter
ELIZABETH A. CARTER, executrix of the estate of George H. Carter, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents her account with the estate of said deceased for allowance; and the same is received and allowed, and the executor is discharged from the estate of said deceased, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published in the several papers of the Town of New Shoreham, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

Newport, January 29th, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, R. I., Guardian of the estate of HELEN ROYALTY, minor of said New Shoreham, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN F. RONAYNE.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, January 29th, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, R. I., Administrator of the estate of JOHN O'BRIEN, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

DANIEL O'BRIEN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, January 29th, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, R. I., Administrator of the estate of ALEXANDER A. LAIRD, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN H. NOLAN.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, January 29th, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, R. I., Administrator of the estate of DENNIS WHITTY, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MICHAEL WHITTY.

1-25-21

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING?

USE THE CLASSIFIED COLUMNS IN THE

NEWPORT DAILY NEWS

EVERY DAY One Hundred People are doing this and they GET RESULTS

CIRCULATION
OVER
6400
DAILYTELEPHONE 17, OR MAIL YOUR
WANTS-BILL WILL BE SENT
PRICE 25 WORDS 25 CENTS FOR
FIRST INSERTION, 10 CENTS FOR
REPEATSFor Sale
To Let
Help Wanted
Situations
General
Lost and FoundNo. 1152
Reserve District No. 1
REPORT

OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business December 31, 1920.

RESOURCES

Loans and discounts including

Overdrafts unsecured

U. S. Government securities owned

Deposited to secure

circulation, (U.S. bonds par value

Owned and pledged

Total bonds and securities, etc., other

Total U. S.

Stocks other than Federal

Reserve Bank Stock

Block of Federal Reserve Bank

Equity in banking house

Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank

Cash in vault and net amounts due from National banks

Exchanges for clearing house

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasury and due from U. S. Treasury

Interest earned but not collected, on notes and bills receivable not past due

Total

Liabilities

Capital stock paid in

Surplus fund

Undivided profits

Losses and expenses

Interest and taxes paid

Interest and discount collected or credited in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)

Circulating notes outstanding

Certified checks outstanding

Cashier's checks on own bank

Individual deposits

Total of deposits

Cash in vault and net amounts due from other banks for money borrowed

Dividends unpaid

Total

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of January, 1921.

PACER BISHAM, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: GEORGE W. STEVENS, WILLIAM W. COVELL, BRADFORD NORMAN, Directors.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, December 30, 1920.

Estate of Lorenzo Littlefield.

FRANK LITTLEFIELD, Administrator of the estate of Lorenzo Littlefield, deceased, presents his petition, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the debts which said deceased owed at the time of his death, and that he is unable to settle his estate according to law; that said deceased at the time of his death, was seized and possessed of certain parcels of land, situate in said Town of New Shoreham, with buildings and improvements thereon, bounded and described as follows:

First Parcel is bounded northerly on land of Harold R. Littlefield, easterly on land of John Heinz and land of George L. Payne and wife, southerly and westerly on the highway, containing about four acres of land, and known as the Homestead estate.

Second Parcel is bounded northerly on land of John E. Littlefield, 2d, and land of the Primitive Methodist Church, easterly on the highway and Town Hall property, southerly on the Town Hall property, the highway and Mott's Pond and westerly on Mott's Pond and land of John Sprague, containing about one-half acre of land.

Third Parcel is bounded northerly on land of the heirs of Wm. P. Ball and land of John and land of Hamilton Hamlin, easterly and southerly on the highway and westerly on land of Harold R. Littlefield, containing about four acres of land.

Fourth Parcel is bounded northerly on land of William A. Hull and the highway, easterly on the highway and land of John S. Peckham, southerly on the highway and westerly on land of William A. Hull, containing about six acres.

Fifth Parcel is bounded northerly on land of John R. Redfield and others and land of William S. Dodge, easterly on land of Windmill S. Dodge, southerly on land of Lovell H. Dickens, southerly on land of Lovell H. Dickens and land of Charles M. Ball and westerly on the Ocean, containing about ten acres.

Sixth Parcel is bounded northerly by the heirs of Catherine Dickens, easterly on land of Lemuel P. and Phoebe Rose, southerly or said land of Lemuel P. and Phoebe Rose, and westerly on land of Estella Ball Sprague.

Seventh